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No. 321 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

THE AMERICAN STANDARD.

OUT of the discussion about American home policies and about our relations with foreign countries, there has arisen the imperative demand for a well-defined American Standard. It is absurd to continue the present haphazard mode of dealing with our destiny, and providing for our present and future needs as an independent nation.

Taking the widest possible view, what is the American Standard of national and international right? Briefly but fully it is this: We have the right to increase our potency in the Western Hemisphere by every means within our control. I ask the reader's attention to the fact that this statement is made without qualification. We have no right to qualify in this case. As the one great autonomous Government of the New World, the American Union has imposed upon it the duty of leadership. The march of events has imposed this duty upon us. The Old World has challenged the escape of the New World from time to time, but the latter, Canada excepted, has made good its escape, and is now supposed to be dealing with the older Governments, influences and statesmanship of Europe on terms of equality. What right has the United States, under the circumstances, to shirk the duty of leadership?

Then in order to make this leadership effective, whatever power of control or acquisition we may have must be exerted first for the building up of our own internal prosperity. This right and duty must be concerned, first, last and all the time, with the defense and preservation of our absolute freedom from European influences; with the safeguarding of our natural wealth and wealth of opportunity; and with an attempt, at least, to do the specific work of resistance in every case wherein our interests are antagonistic to the interests of Europe, and wherein an attempt is made on the other side to subject us and our future to the control of European standards of any and all kinds.

The financial and monetary world of this country may be interested in the question, What shall be done with the single gold standard? We cannot afford to disregard anything that may be said against bimetalism by the bankers and other financiers. But it is time to set aside the mere details of temporary business disturbance and the like. We are now, I think, in the presence of an international issue that overshadows these and all other details of the monetary difficulty

with monetary standards. American bankers will readily admit that we are gradually being forced into a state of monetary dependence upon Europe, and that the final acceptance of the single gold standard will go far to make this dependence permanent. It is known, moreover, that this dependence was not so obvious or so abject a few years ago. And there is no intelligent citizen who does not feel that something must be wrong when we find ourselves going down into debt and dependence instead of going up higher on the road to financial independence and prosperity. I am sure bankers cannot be more gratified at this prospect than anybody else who has the good of the country at heart.

I propose, therefore, that we lay aside details for the present. We must raise the American Standard of resistance to the monetary dictation of Europe. The American Standard of right in all other instances of clashing interests is and must always be, There is no right that can reduce us to a plane of dependence and chronic indebtedness to the foreigner. The right of a nation to take care of itself is above and beyond all alleged rights that may interfere with this.

We owe it to the cause of liberty and human advancement that these shall not suffer through a mere question of money standards. The following proposition, therefore, is submitted, without fear of successful contradiction: The battle of the money standards is a contest between interests. The gold standard will benefit or secure the creditor; bimetalism will give relief to the debtor class. If this were a question as between individuals, a monetary court of equity might even in that case afford relief to the debtor. I do not demand that it should; but such a court might do so—does such things every day.

But, as between nations, the question of monetary standards comes at once into the broader light of international affairs. If the single gold standard is going to increase and eventually fasten and clinch our dependence, and the dependence of our future, upon European money-lenders, it is not merely the right of this country to resist. It is the duty of our Congress and Executive to resist. That is what governments are instituted for among men. There is no right here that can stand in the way of the first right of a nation-organism—the right of self-preservation. JUDEx JUSTNOW.

TRAGEDY, COMEDY OR PATHOS?

It depends on circumstances; sometimes on the point of view. Whether the divorce is granted in the Metropolitan District or at the Sioux Falls (S. D.) easy mills, these elements usually enter into the result, separately or in combination.

No kindly nature can see much comedy in the "situation" reported from Newport the other day, wherein the Duke's prospective father-in-law met his daughter, the prospective Duchess, for one hour by appointment, at the Marble House, during Mrs. Vanderbilt's absence in New York. The incident seemed incongruous; the usual relation of father and daughter was slightly reversed, to say the least. The comedy was not apparent, however; the moment one's thoughts began to run, the humor of the situation disappeared; for even comedy must accord with certain rules of the good, the beautiful and the true.

The father who has a daughter, a first-born, keeps her within his man's heart, for a long time, as a little girl. Such a father could not miss the pathos of that meeting by appointment, between the millionaire railroad man and the prospective Duchess of Marlborough.

And a strong man and man of the world is a rather unusually pathetic character in such a role. One is inclined to feel for him all the more because he is so matter-of-fact and undemonstrative in his acceptance of the "situation." One feels thus, entirely regardless of the individual most affected, who is the provocative of the sentiment. It is that *potida meter* of the Greeks. Kindly Mother Nature, who bids us to put aside levity and even to eschew matter-of-fact; who tells us this is a solemn occasion and that the holiest impulse of the human heart is being put to a severe double-test.

Before the scene passes, however, that same All-Mother, whose silent whispers burn and cut, has changed it from pathos to tragedy. Something has been tugging at the filial and paternal ties. Two human hearts are aching, perhaps storming; and the pitiless beatings of the tempest are laying waste from within and have no outward manifestation. A possible and a natural happiness is submerged in a flood of inward tears. The demon circumstance is the successful person in the drama. Or is it the demon Divorce?

Church rows are never edifying, and the frequency with which they have been reported during recent months, and the manner in which they have been described for the benefit of the public, are not calculated to foster devotion or to elevate the clerical calling in popular opinion.

CERTAINLY: WHY NOT?

THAT is to say, why should not the people rule? They are in the majority, and you know what the majority does—in our much-cherished text-books on civil government that we learned lessons "out of" in school. It is hard for any one to forget those lessons, they are so plain and simple, and so exclusively and thoroughly American in tone and thought and sentiment. Perhaps some of the "people" have never learned those lessons; for such, of course, there is neither remembrance nor forgetfulness in this connection. We cannot ever forget, unless we once remembered. It is to be feared that too many voters are in this state of inactive and highly useless suspense; and are in the habit of holding many things under advisement that are not in our beloved text-books on civil government at all.

We sometimes try to decide for ourself whether or not certain voters would quit holding out their hands for enlightenment on civil government, if they had had the previous training that our boys and girls are now receiving in the schools of this country, "out of" those very plain and simple text-books on the American plan of civil government. The decision is usually that such instruction would at one time have helped. For those who have acquired the habit of holding out the hand for enlightenment on these momentous topics, the text-books will, of course, be of little if any value. The habit so long indulged makes these cases almost hopeless. We might, however, try to reform them; the effort could do no harm and might do some good. It would at least keep to the front the idea that something must be done in the premises. To this very worthy end schools have been established to instruct willing adults how to vote, who are not to the manor born—that is, those who have not taken possession of this republic by having been born here. These schools, and the adults who attend them, ought to be encouraged.

We favor the ruling of this country by the people thereof. But the double-headed difficulty that confronts the scheme must be reckoned with. Ring-rule in cities must be defeated and made impossible in the only way it can be done—namely, by concerted action on the part of the intelligent patriotic voters everywhere. The other half of the difficulty is that of ignorant voters, venal voters, voters who do not care. As we have intimated, the rising generations, the children of foreign-born voters, must continue to receive the proper instruction. As the large majority of foreign-born voters are well disposed, we have only to attend to the very small minority of naturalized citizens who seem disposed to make the work of popular government a farce. We are able to make stringent laws for our protection against these elements. And we ought to do so at once. Then the people would have a better chance to rule than they have now.

TURKEY AND CHINA.

THESE two elements are in a fair way to be eliminated altogether from the Old World struggles of diplomacy, with its false pretenses and entanglements arising from the constantly needed readjustment of the balance of power. Turkey will be the first to go. The Sultan has long been a burden upon the financial resources of European money-lenders. He is out of place as a potent factor in the active work of European development. As a tool in the designs of any one of the Powers against the others, he is no longer of much use, and is becoming more and more difficult to handle as the years roll by, over his sick-bed.

As early as a quarter of a century ago, even the Tory leaders of England began to arraign their country as partially responsible for the recurrence of outrages upon Oriental Christians. We need not point out that the toleration of these outrages is at present out of the question, and that the public sentiment of the civilized world will not long endure the slowness with which a drastic remedy is being decided upon. We are only repeating the words of leading Englishmen when we say that England holds the key to the situation, and will be responsible for the continuance of the appalling religious fanaticism whose outbreaks against the helpless Armenian and Bulgarian have startled the nations. England has but to say the word, or make the right move on the European diplomatic chess-board, when the Sultan will be compelled to move, bag and baggage, into Asia. It is fortunate just now that English interests lie exactly in this direction, and that Turkey will be abandoned to her fate. The end of the century will doubtless see the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, and the parceling out of the various Christian States among the Christian nations. It is true that this dismemberment and parceling out will come through the most stupendous grab game in history, in which Russia, England and France will be chief manipulators. But all dismemberments have come about in that way. If the blot of Turkey on the map of Europe can be removed, no lover of liberty and progress will quarrel with the means or the methods to be employed. Turkey has had a long reign of warlike, shrewdly masterful, but bloody ascendancy in Southeastern Europe; and now in her decrepitude the children of the slain cannot be expected to stay the hand of progress that will no longer tolerate her existence as a European

disturbing element, and a crime against the enlightened and humane spirit of the age.

The probable elimination of China as a Great Power, or her reduction to the status of the Sick Man of the Far East, is a curious illustration of Old World diplomatic methods. The old Sick Man of Constantinople goes off the stage and a new Sick Man in the more effete Far East makes his bow. The European balance of power seems to need such a patient all the time. If China does take to her bed, she will have a brief period of invalidism. Russia is in a hurry in that quarter now, and unless checked by Japan, she will soon be undisputed mistress of the Eastern Pacific.

It is not easy to surmise what was on the minds of England, Russia and France when they interfered recently in the China-Japan war settlement; that it was something unusually momentous, goes without saying. What was it? Was it that China, as a great Power, must go; must accept protection as the price of her servitude and of her new-found status as Sick Man for the Powers? She was saved from the despoiling arm of the victorious Japanese, first by a Russian loan, and now by the concerted action of the three Powers to deprive Japan of the legitimate fruits of her recent victory.

It will be a new historical precedent—if it actually takes place, which is not probable at this writing—but if China is to be saved from the fate that now hangs over her, it will be done by the successful resistance of Japan against the designs of England, France and Russia; victorious Japan is the only Power to save her vanquished enemy from the state of vassalage now intended for her by the meddling and high-handed Europeans. It is no wonder the warlike spirit grows in Japan. And this progressive people may be heard from yet, before the tripartite deal of robbery and interference in the Far East goes through to consummation.

In this connection, and considering that even Christian nations do not like to be treated as it is proposed to treat China—as a vassal paying for protection with national servitude—do we fully realize that the Chinese people, from their point of view, must naturally regard all foreigners within their borders with a certain fierceness?

On the whole China might have done better had she come to terms with her victorious enemy. Both nations are of the Mongolian race, and might have settled their own affairs without even allowing, much less invoking, outside interference. The probability now is, that unless Japan leads a successful Pan-Mongolian war of defense, both branches of this ancient race will have to bow to the will and the superior intelligence of the all-conquering Caucasian.

QUOUSQUE TANDEM?

The system of travel from New York to Jersey City and thence, by the various lines making the latter city their terminus, to other points in New Jersey and neighboring States is marked by many inconsistencies. They would be amusing were they not fraught with innumerable petty annoyances and often even with serious inconvenience. Perhaps the most striking of these, because the most constant and unremitting, is the ferry nuisance. It is generally admitted that the train service on the roads running from Jersey City is very good. The trains are frequent, fast and commodious, the terminal stations are well equipped, the employees, with few exceptions, are courteous and obliging, and everything is admirably adapted to the comfort of the passengers until the ferry is reached. And here commence the trials of the commuter or the casual passenger, as the case may be. After a quick, safe passage over many miles of rail he is obliged to endure a tedious and irritating sail across a narrow, commerce-blocked waterway, the further side of which is always in sight, but, to the impatient passenger, apparently almost inaccessible. The cumbersome vessels labor wearily through the water, and the passenger's patience is exhausted long before the New York shore is reached. This is the case under the most favorable conditions—a clear sky, a summer season and a river tolerably free from impeding traffic. But when other conditions prevail, when the course of the boat is blocked almost at its outset by trains of barges laden with cars from the neighboring freight depots, when the river is filled with floating cakes of ice or the air heavy with fog, and the passenger is compelled to spend an hour or more on one of those execrably uncomfortable boats with nothing to beguile the time but the dismal music of tooting foghorns, or the excitement of a narrowly averted collision, the discomfort is indescribable. An actual experience is necessary to convey an adequate impression of its unspeakable joys. Is there no remedy for this? Why, for instance, cannot the railroads find locations elsewhere for their freight depots, where they will not interfere so seriously with the passenger traffic? Such a step would not, of course, entirely remedy the difficulty, but it would at least mitigate it.

Another experience familiar to patrons of these roads is that which is undergone if the trains are a trifle late, as they will be occasionally on the best regulated roads. If the train arrive only a second behind schedule time the passenger is liable to have the gate slammed to in his face within a few feet of the boat, moving

ponderously out of the slip, while the ferryman looks on with the imperturbable air which is the birthright of his class, with no resource left to the passenger but to cool his heels for ten minutes in the waiting-room and relieve his mind in strong language. Is there no redress from these ills? Is the traveler from Manhattan to find himself forever wrestling with this problem? He was wont to console himself at one time with the reflection that the bridging of the North River would put an end to his sufferings; but alas! the bridge scheme seems as far from realization as in the days when it was not a crying need. The traveler has long ago ceased to hug this fond delusion and has resigned himself stoically to his fate. Whence will come the much-needed relief?

An item appeared recently in a New York daily paper which commented incidentally on the difference in the respective standpoints from which athletic sports are regarded in America and in England. "Here in the United States," says the writer of this paragraph, "we do not go into sports actively as the English do. We, as a people, don't play baseball, football or any other athletic game. We are mightily interested in sports, but mostly in seeing professionals at play in them. Of the twenty thousand people who go to see the three or four big football games in a year, how many play football? How many of the ten thousand or more cranks who watch the paid baseball nines ever play the game themselves? Now, in England there are actually dozens of football and cricket clubs in every town, and every village and hamlet has its team. They play cricket all summer and football all winter. Every fine evening and every Saturday afternoon every bit of turf near a town or village is covered with players of some game or another. Sport is a profession here; a pastime there. Here the mass of the people are interested as spectators; there as participants." Granted that all these statements are true, what conclusion would the writer have us reach from them? Evidently that, athletically, we are inferior to England. It is a sufficient answer to these arguments to say that this paragraph was published prior to the recent contest at Manhattan Field in which the English athletes were so completely vanquished. That meeting spoke for itself. For the representatives of an inferior race our boys made a remarkable showing on that occasion.

The New York *Sun*, in a recent issue, speaks of "the two oldest vessels in the merchant service in the United States." Will that apostle of purity of diction explain how these vessels, built in 1805 and 1819 respectively, can be the "two oldest"? We would suggest an edition of good Brown or some other accepted authority as an addition to the *Sun's* reference library.

Can one conceive of the dignified Sir Henry Irving as a female impersonator? Think of the foremost figure of the English-speaking stage masquerading in petticoats and ringlets—Mathias, Becket or King Arthur mincing in skirts and stays! Incredible as it seems, though, it is the case. Some industrious antiquarian has unearthed the fact that many years ago the great tragedian appeared as Oenone in a burlesque called "Paris the Vive L'empire." It was but a subordinate character, but it is said that he made such a gaunt, weird-looking woman that the picture has never faded from the memory of those who witnessed the performance. The burlesque was produced at the old Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool.

There is a suggestion of a comic opera plot in the tale that comes to us from England of an elderly squire in a Western county who, with a view of doing the Revenue out of Estate Duty on his death, made over all his property to his son, with a stipulation that the son should allow him an income for life and the family mansion as a residence. After completing this arrangement to his satisfaction, the old gentleman, being about seventy years of age and a widower, fell violently in love, proposed and was accepted. When it came to discussing the settlements, however, the love-stricken swain had to confess that he had nothing but his little annuity. The son did not so far accommodate himself to the reversed order of things as to offer to help his sire to marry, and settle something handsome upon the couple. The consequence is that the match is now off.

London *Truth* in a recent paragraph speaks of "Atalanta," Ga. Where is "Atalanta"?

A New York policeman, who is also an amateur evangelist of considerable ability, declared in a recent sermon—after admitting that in early life he had been a sinful man—that, had he not been so devoted to the cause of truth and morality, he might now be a sergeant or a captain. What a world of unconscious humor there is in this statement!

Will somebody explain what is meant by a "bicycle wagon"? Why not call it a pneumatic-tire wagon? That is the idea that it is meant the term should convey, although its actual meaning is far different. But then, in this age of progressive journalism nobody suspects a daily paper of meaning exactly what it says.

Three charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct pending against a man who until a short time ago occupied a position on the bench is not a savory record. Yet that is the case with an ex-city judge of Yonkers, N. Y. Evidently the sense of dignity which is usually associated with the bench does not invariably cling to the occupant after he steps down from his eminence.

It was a daring and enterprising burglar who entered the private chapel of the Czar of all the Russias, at St. Petersburg, and it does not speak well for the vigilance of the imperial police that he was able to enter and escape unseen, especially as the Czar was sleeping in an adjacent part of the palace.

The Spanish gunboats in Cuban waters have again been attracting attention by their high-handed interference with vessels plying between the West Indies and other countries. The incident of the "Alliance," which was fired upon by a Spanish gunboat off Cape Maysi, is still fresh in the memory of the public, and now comes the news of the firing upon the British ship "Alene," at the same place. What action will the British Government take?

Strange are the methods of certain Connecticut Sabbatarians for the enforcement of Sunday observance, and stranger still the principles on which these methods are based. These zealots, in order to discourage the sinful and ungodly practice of bicycle riding on Sunday, have adopted the plan of scattering tacks every Sunday morning on the new bicycle path from Meridan to North Haven, the results being many punctured tires and many indignant wheelmen. But the Connecticut crusaders are happy. The sacredness of their Sabbath has been vindicated and a salutary lesson has been administered to the wicked bicyclists. The fact that, in order to accomplish this end, a moral wrong was committed, of course does not affect the merits of the case; the main fact is that the zealots carried their point. If this is not a practical application of the doctrine that "the end justifies the means," what is it?

Pauline Hamerstein of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has reached the mature age of eighteen years, recently rushed into a drug store, exclaiming that she had poisoned herself. When a doctor who was summoned had declared that she was shamming, she admitted the charge and said that she had employed the ruse to melt the hard heart of her lover, who had forsaken her. There is a very effective remedy for Miss Pauline's complaint, although to some it might appear undignified applied to a young lady of her age.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WITH this number Rider Haggard's great novel "Joan Haste" will go to all subscribers to COLLIER'S WEEKLY and its Library. It is pronounced by competent critics to be the masterpiece of that great master of fiction. The proprietor of the WEEKLY has paid the author \$5,000 for the right to use "Joan Haste" in his Library. Remember, this large amount only secures the right to publish it once. The retail price of this book demanded by any other publisher is \$1.50, whereas COLLIER'S WEEKLY will supply it to its subscribers for the low price of seventeen cents per volume, or thirty-four cents for the work complete in two volumes, on as good paper and just as well printed and neatly bound. There is absolutely no exaggeration about this. Any reader of this paper can test our accuracy by going to any other publisher or book stand and trying to buy a copy of "Joan Haste" for less than ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS.

And this is only one of the great advantages enjoyed by subscribers to COLLIER'S WEEKLY. For Six Dollars and Fifty Cents annual subscription each subscriber gets during the year—

1st; Twenty-six large books, aggregating 6,000 pages;

2d; Fifty-two copies of "Collier's Weekly," and

3d; The choice of any one of the following sets of books, bound in cloth, to wit: either

WASHINGTON IRVING'S WORKS, or
BALZAC'S HUMAN COMEDY, or
TENNYSON'S POEMS, or
THE CAPITALS OF THE GLOBE, or
DANTE'S INFERNO, or
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, or
COLLIER'S CYCLOPEDIA OF SOCIAL
AND COMMERCIAL INFORMATION.

This is the greatest value ever offered to any purchaser of papers or books.

After "Joan Haste" the WEEKLY will issue to subscribers Clark Russell's great sea romance, "The Tale of the Ten," which nowhere else can be bought for less than One Dollar and Fifty Cents.



Berlin Photo Co., N. Y. From the painting by G. PAPPERITZ

THE HONEYMOON.

AN interesting incident is reported from Wakefield, Westchester County, N. Y. An alligator which had been for some time one of the reigning sensations in the town escaped from its cage, and was found several days later in the collar of a local saloon. What would have been the effect if any of the regular patrons of the saloon had met the saurian unexpectedly on the premises?

THE reprimand of Admiral Kirkland by the President for sending congratulations in his official capacity to President Faure of France, on his election, is significant. Both the President and Secretary Herbert are of the opinion that the extension of congratulations by our officials to a successful candidate in foreign political campaigns might lead to serious complications with the other Governments. President Cleveland's action was taken on an appeal by Admiral Kirkland from a similar reprimand by Secretary Herbert.

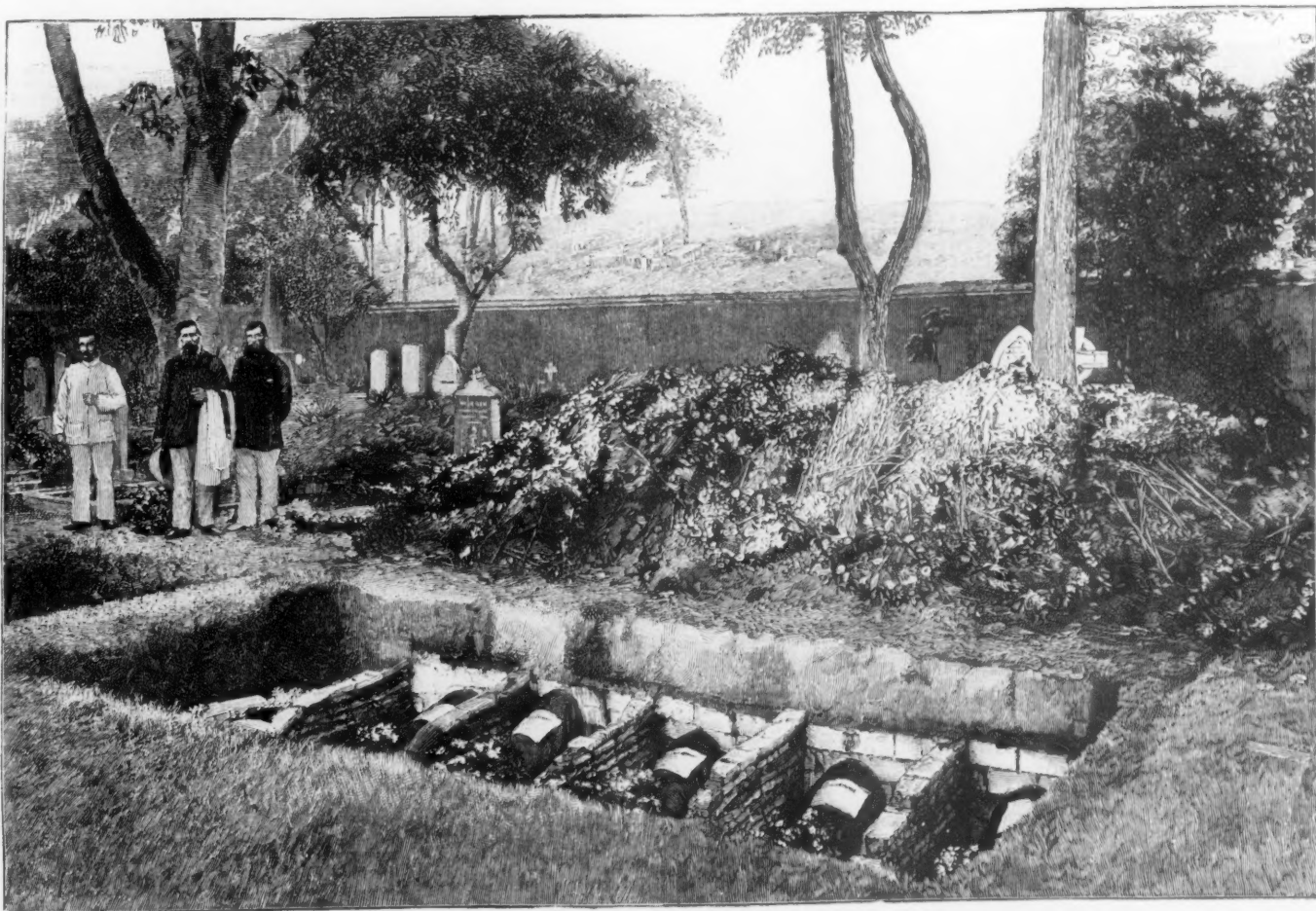
NEW YORK has at last introduced postal cars on the surface railroads. Nine of these cars have been placed in service on the Third Avenue cable road, each one a miniature office on wheels. They are fitted with all the appliances of the big stations for assorting the mails, and thus the delivery of mail in the uptown districts will be greatly facilitated. On the Amsterdam Avenue line another time-saving device will be tried, the postmen carrying their collections direct to the cars instead of delivering them at sub-stations. These innovations, it is confidently expected, will greatly relieve the pressure of work at the general post-office and the branch offices.

UP in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, an organized effort is being made to stop obnoxious advertising, and get rid of anything in the nature of an advertisement which defaces or mars the scenery. It need hardly be said that such a movement is commendable. We are

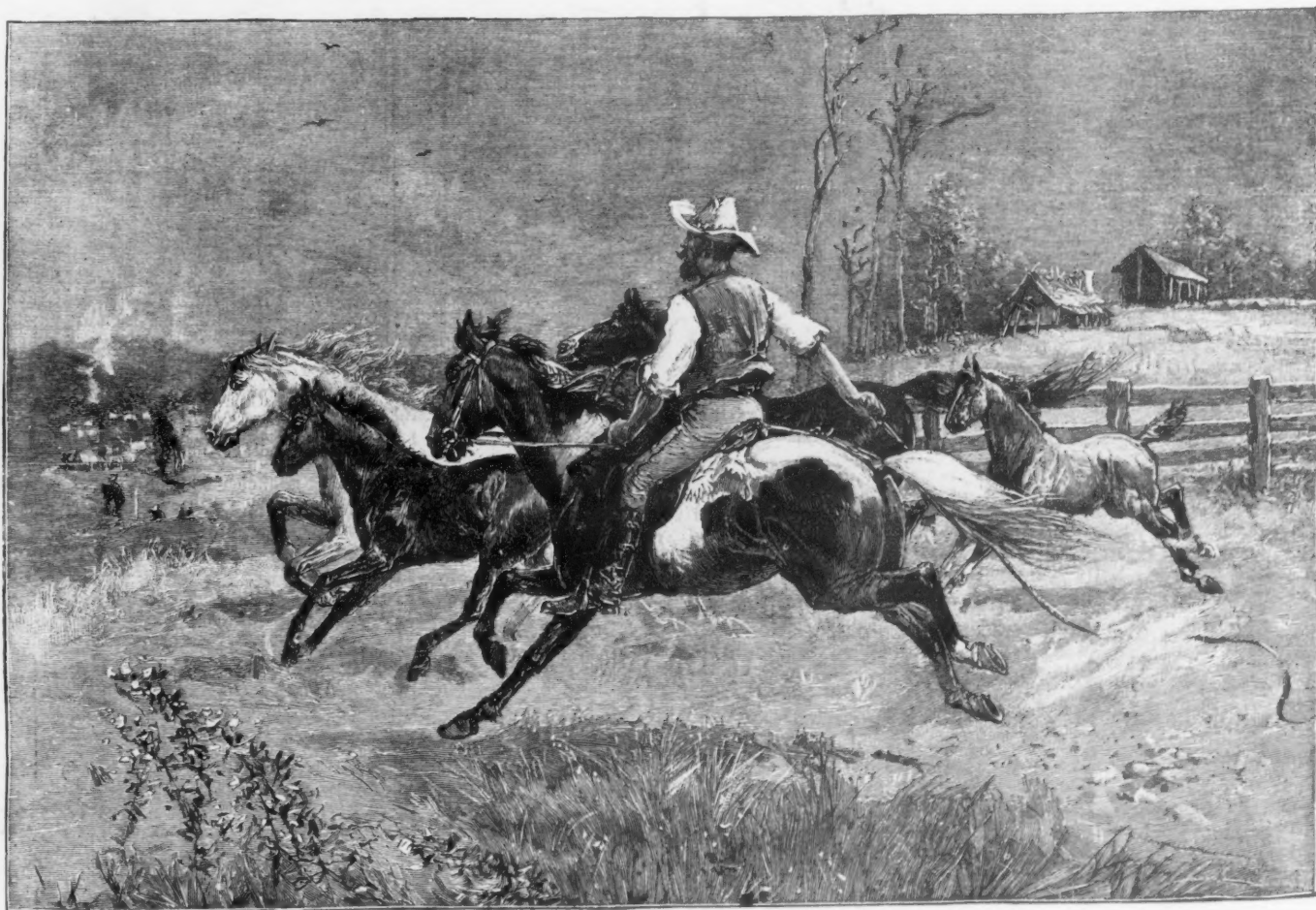
not yet such a utilitarian race that we should calmly permit such desecrations as these. Newspapers should be good enough advertising mediums.

A PATHETIC story is that of the little girl in New York who was knocked down and fatally injured by a brewery wagon. Her legs and the lower part of her body were horribly mangled, and it was found necessary to amputate the limbs; yet despite her injuries and the imminence of death from them, she on recovering consciousness prattled gayly to the nurse and played with her toys, oblivious to her terrible experience. The wonder is that she lived so long after the accident and subsequent surgical operation, and her case is sorely puzzling the doctors.

GOOD air in the bedroom, light bed-clothing and a perfect digestion all help to procure a refreshing night's rest.



GRAVES OF THE MISSIONARIES MURDERED NEAR FOOCHOW DURING THE RECENT OUTRAGES IN CHINA.



BUSH LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

On a stock-breeding station all foals while still paddocked with their mothers are branded with the mark of their owner. The stockman here is driving in mares and foals together from the paddock for the purpose of branding the latter. A very characteristic feature of life on a station is here indicated—namely, that though the day is hot and fine the sun is hidden, and everything is overcast by the smoke from distant bush fires.

HISTORICAL RECORD.

Light and shades of one week's happenings of every-day life throughout the world frequently possess a human interest far more intense than the so-called momentous events in the ups and downs of governments, the doings and undoings of legislative bodies, the course of commerce or the triumphs and failures of statecraft. Indeed, it will probably be found on investigation that the records of every-day crime, misfortune and struggle, and the no less interesting accounts of daily heroism, and of the nobility of hidden lives that seek not notoriety and never find it until the tireless chroniclers of the daily press bring them to public view, would form a truer picture of the times in which we live than the public and semi-public transactions of organized bodies that are supposed to form the proper subject for contemporary history. At all events this Record will not expect to give the true history of a week under review without these details of the inner life of the people.

There is a lull just now in international affairs; and great national movements in many countries have taken a rest during the week we propose to review, the week ending October 2. This circumstance will afford an opportunity to look more closely than usual into the so-called general news of those seven days, throughout the world. Given seriatim without classification, and allowing each event, great and small, national and international, about rich and poor, the good and bad, the grave and the gay, the whole may form an instructive and curious mosaic of earthly vicissitudes.

Throughout Kentucky the new law giving women the right, or rather the privilege, to vote for members of the Board of Education in cities of the second class brought out an immense registration, and the New Woman was much in evidence, October 1. On the same day, Miss Leonard, a self-respecting and muscular young New Woman of Cloquet, Minn., was able to report that she had severely thrashed a young hugger the night before who had been annoying other ladies on the street, who were not New Women and were not muscular.

Now, this is really provoking. The Methodist Church at Jackson, Mich., bought a nice piece of property on Greenwood Avenue for twenty-five hundred dollars, intending to turn it into a mission church. The lessee of the property was one Reedy and the premises were used as a saloon. The dispenser of wet goods refused to give up his lease without an exorbitant price, and the church authorities refused to take the rent one month, but finally concluded that was too good a thing for Reedy. Now, however, they are taking it; and, as Reedy's lease does not expire until a year from next May, it is a hard tangle to unravel, on the basis of no compromise with the rum power.

Clyde Maddox, sentenced to be hanged for murder in Oklahoma, has had his sentence commuted to life imprisonment by President Cleveland. The mother of the condemned has been unremitting in her efforts to save her boy, and the President bases his action on the ground that certain testimony for the accused which had been excluded by the trial court ought to have been admitted and might have secured a less severe verdict of the jury.

October 1 a special train of one baggage car and two private sleeping cars made the run over the Niagara Falls Route (Michigan Central Railroad) from Buffalo to Chicago, five hundred and eleven miles, in less than nine and three-quarter hours. On the famous level track between St. Thomas and Windsor, Ontario, the one hundred and twelve miles was made in one hundred and six minutes.

At the annual convention of the New York Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty was held at Albany October 1. Most of the delegates favored placing the age of consent at sixteen years, instead of eighteen as at present. Reports were submitted showing that during the year in this State 4,240 cases had been prosecuted, with 4,070 convictions; 2,877 animal complaints had been received, the prosecutions numbering 235, and the convictions 200. In Brooklyn the number of children complaints was 2,014, the prosecutions 208, and the convictions 120. In New York City the children complaints numbered 9,028, the prosecutions 3,770, and the convictions 3,730. A resolution was adopted that it was the sense of the convention that the practice of insuring the lives of children under ten years old, as at present conducted, is against public policy, and that it becomes the duty of all interested in humane work to use their best endeavors to procure the passage of laws that shall prohibit a practice so dangerous in the United States.

The Good Government Club of New York having nominated a local ticket composed of Democrats and Republicans, Dr. Parkhurst has pronounced the action inconsiderate and has called for a mass meeting to create a new Committee of Seventy. The coming winter campaign in the metropolis promises to be lively.

Chancellor McGill, the Democratic nominee for Governor of New Jersey, has notified his friends that he cannot take part in the short campaign for election because he cannot sever his connection with the Court of Chancery without doing serious injury to litigants.

A Hudson County jury has decided, in substance, that beer is not intoxicating; but the decision will probably not prevent New Jersey beer drinkers from coming home occasionally at 2 A.M. and trying to get in at 211 with the latch-key that fits 212 across the way.

The women of New Brunswick, N. J., have organized to keep the streets clean and otherwise make the place a nicer town to live in.

The death of Louis Pasteur, the eminent scientist, at Paris last week removes from earth one of the great benefactors of humanity. He was not only the first great doctor who successfully treated hydrophobia, but his researches on the germ theory have given to the world many preventions of disease and a better understanding of the best methods to prevent contagion and to promote safer and more cleanly living among all classes. The work he began is in competent hands, and he will not soon be forgotten. His last word was,

"Yes," spoken in reply to his wife's question whether he was suffering much pain. She placed the Crucifix in his hand, and his last look was upon it before he expired. His was a most beautiful life of devotion to his family, to his fellow-mortals and to science; and his death in great agony was all the more touching on that account. His name, as a scientist, stands high up beside those of Huxley, Helmholtz, Tyndall and Darwin; as a benefactor of the human race it is higher than any of them. France has decreed that his remains shall receive national honors.—(See page 1.)

Lieutenant Peary, just returned from the North Pole—or, rather, thereabouts—says he will never see it now unless some one else brings it to him. He says the great difficulty with Arctic explorers is that they cannot eat enough to keep them warm.

The negroes of South Carolina will probably be disfranchised and there is no telling what kind of times this step may bring about.

The District of Columbia Grand Jury recommends that wife-beaters be whipped at the post.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia has received an order from Russia for forty locomotives. The recent order given to the Bethlehem Iron Works for armor plate for Russian warships was of great magnitude. Russia seems disposed to be friendly to American manufactures, and the failure of American ship-builders to get their share of Japanese orders for ships is to be regretted. It is believed, however, that representatives of American industries now at Tokio will not come home empty-handed.

The London *Economist* is much gratified at the increase in English exports to the United States, and though Treasury receipts are increasing in consequence over here, this country would like to do a little exporting herself—only not too little. By the way, we cannot blame the *Economist* for its happy frame of mind; we should be glad ourselves if it were our case.

General Nelson A. Miles, the famous Indian fighter, has been appointed Major-General commanding the United States Army, to succeed General Schofield, retired at the age limit.

At the demand of England China has degraded the Viceroy of Szechuen for countenancing the massacre of Christians.

By the premature explosion of a shell in a rapid-fire gun at Sandy Hook proving ground, September 28, Corporal Doyle and Private Conway were killed. A defective firing-pin was the cause of the accident. One round had been fired, and the firing-pin should have fallen back into its place in the center of the breech block. When Doyle closed the block over the second cartridge the firing-pin, that should have been in its place flush with a cylinder in the center of the block, protruded, striking the primer. The explosion instantly followed. Doyle and Private Conway, who stood beside him, fell dead on the spot.

Rioting between Mohammedans and Armenians in Constantinople September 30 resulted in the killing of ten persons and the wounding of forty. It was provoked by an appeal of the Armenians for justice. The disturbances were renewed on Tuesday, October 1. It was stated by eye-witnesses to the correspondent of the London *Daily News* that many of the Armenians who were wounded in the streets were carried off by Turkish officers and killed in their helplessness. The beginning of the end of Turkish fanaticism in Europe is not far off.

The Legislature of Texas, in special session October 2, passed a law to prohibit prize fighting. The vote stood 133 to 6. The Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight will not come off at Dallas, and the real, brutal prize ring is probably banished forever from the United States.

Venezuela has conceded to an American corporation a large tract of territory, part of which is in dispute between that country and Great Britain. Complications may arise; but the company has decided to take possession within a month.

American apples were sold top prices in Liverpool September 21, being as high as \$5.60 a barrel.

The Columbian Liberty Bell at Newark, N. J., will be rung at midnight hereafter, unless somebody stops it, until Cuba shall be free. If every other American city should have the same alarm, midnight ought to be an interesting hour for nervous people.

There is much curiosity to know whether our State Department has intimated to Spain that unless the Cuban rebellion is soon put down, this country might concede belligerent rights to the insurgents.

The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts nominated G. Fred. Williams for Governor and passed strong resolutions denouncing all secret political orders and particularly the A. P. A.

It is rumored that Emperor William and his brother, Prince Henry, have quarreled over the reorganization of the navy, and that the Prince has virtually been banished for a year.

The Association for the Reform of International Law at Brussels voted in favor of increasing jurisdiction over the sea to six miles from shore instead of three as at present.

The London Music Hall, which lately lost its license to sell liquors in the Auditorium, as a result of the crusade of the Social Purity League, has succeeded in getting the license renewed.

Catholic Archbishops in session at Washington are considering the advisability of formulating definite charges against the Secretary of the Interior, for alleged discriminations against Catholic Indians.

Oklahoma Territory is prosperous and has a population of two hundred and seventy-five thousand. The taxable property has about doubled during the year. The alleged Oklahoma desperado has virtually disappeared. So says Governor Renfrew.

The Canovas Government will grant partial home rule to Cuba; but three great warships for service in Cuban waters have just been launched from British shipyards.

There are times when the most perfect appliances which modern progress has wrought fail of their object and we are obliged to revert to the elementary devices of our forefathers. A case in point is that of the Lake steamship "State of New York" which, it was feared, was lost in the great wind storm which swept the country about a week ago. The agents of the steamship company received a message from the belated vessel by carrier-pigeon announcing that she was safe. She had

put in at Long Point, where there is no telegraph station.

So the bottom has fallen out of the police solution of the Henry murder mystery in Brooklyn, and the Grand Jury has refused to indict William Henry for the murder of his father. The police mountain has traveled and this is the resultant mouse. It is rumored that this fiasco has convinced the authorities that an infusion of brains into the members of the force would not materially detract from their usefulness or be detrimental to the welfare of the public.

Chicago is evidently in sympathy with the Cuban revolutionists, and when the great metropolis of the West takes a stand on any subject she does not hesitate to tell the world so. She was as outspoken as usual last week at the meeting of sympathy held in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and the enthusiastic speeches and messages of sympathy read on that occasion were enthusiastically received.

The appearance last week of the Schliersee peasant actors in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, demonstrated one fact beyond the possibility of a doubt—that they are not good actors. They may be good peasants, although even this fact is open to question; for, if so, why do they court shakels and fame before the footlights? If the test customary in this country be applied to them it may safely be assumed that they are not.

Touching off the wrong blast is a serious blunder, as was demonstrated about a week ago in a quarry near Independence, Mo., when just such an error cost six lives. Were it not for the disastrous results this incident would furnish material for some pointed and flippant remarks about the mission of the fool-killer. As it is, the pitiful outcome leaves room only for indignant condemnation of such criminal carelessness.

The report of the City Auditor of Pittsburg, Pa., on the City Attorney's office, has brought to light some evidences of queer bookkeeping. Although from 1882 to 1891 the collections of the office amounted to more than two million dollars, the business was transacted without a cashbook. The auditors, it is said, were unable to find the stubs of the recent-book.

John O'Mara of Hoboken, N. J., is nothing if not unique, and this quality he demonstrates in an especial manner in his methods of lovingmaking. While on a visit to his sweetheart, recently, he hit her on the head with a beer bottle, probably as a mark of endearment. She, however, resented this manifestation of affection and the police agreed with her. John's love is now cooling in a dungeon cell and his chances for hibernating in the select society of Snake Hill are remarkably good.

INSTINCT IN BIRDS.

In the stormy part of the year a steamer encountered rough weather, and, as often happens at such times, many seagulls hovered near the ship and even came on board. One allowed itself to be caught, and it was found that it had a fish-bone stuck in the eye in such a position as not absolutely to destroy the sight, but penetrating an inch into the flesh of the bird and projecting an inch and a half. (It might have had a fight with a fish or got transfixed, seeking its prey.) The doctor of the ship took the bird, extracted the bone, applied a soothing remedy to the wound, and let it go. It flew away, but returned the next day, again allowing itself to be caught. The doctor examined the wound, which was progressing favorably, applied more of the remedy, and let the bird go a second time. It flew several times around the ship, and then departed and returned no more.

SIZE OF THE HUMAN HEAD.

A RECENT article in the *Tribune Médicale* of Paris gives some interesting facts relative to the size of the human head. It is still a disputed question whether there is a relation between the volume of the cranium and the development of the intellect, although these facts seem to point to that conclusion. Cuvier, Byron and the First Napoleon required larger hats than the average man, and their head-covering, says a contemporary, would probably come down on the nose of an inmate of the Earlswood Asylum. Bismarck (as also did Moltke) measures more round the crown than the Emperor William. Inferior races have heads smaller than Europeans, the heads of Negroes, Red Indians and the Cochins-Chinese being particularly small, although, by way of compensation, they are particularly hard. Women have small heads, but, as has been hinted, a deal of mischief is sometimes packed in them. Men in the South have smaller heads than those in the North, mountaineers than denizens of the plains, artisans than artists. The heads of peasants grow, says the writer of the article, when their owners come to reside in towns. The head increases in volume with the ordinary mortal until the age of forty-five; with ecclesiastics it comes to a standstill at twenty-five.

"ELLA," said Marion, as they were seated on the veranda of their country house, "I went fishing with George this morning."

"Did you? What did you catch?"

"I caught George."

School Teacher—"If you had your choice, Willie, would you rather be as wise as Solomon, as great as Julius Caesar, as rich as Croesus, as eloquent as Demosthenes, or as tall as Goliath?"

Willie—"I'd rather be a drummer in a brass band!"

Young Wife—"When my husband gets cross I always threaten to go home to my mother."

Old Wife—"Mercy, child, how simple you are! You should threaten to have your mother come to you."

A STRAIGHT LINE.

A Quick Line.

A Through Line.

A Popular Line.

To all points in New York State.

The Modern West Shore Railroad.

Elegant Sleeping Cars.

Five Fast Trains to the West.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express—the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York at 7:30 P.M., and arrives there early next morning.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures colic or the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

THE QUANT THE QUEER AND THE CURIOUS

MARRIAGE OF THE DEAD.

A STRANGE custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies, some one who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of a year calls upon the bereaved parents and says:

"Your son is sure to want a wife. I'll give you my daughter, and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return."

A friendly offer of this description is never rejected and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.

THE LACE-BARK TREE OF JAMAICA.

THE Department of Agriculture, Forestry Division, at Washington, has a collection of rare trees and plants only second to that belonging to the famed Kew Gardens, London. A recent addition to this dendrological museum is a "lace-bark tree" from Jamaica. The inner bark of this queer tree is composed of many layers of fine and intricately woven fibers which interlock with each other in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of this curious vegetable lace have been made. It bears washing with common laundry soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness seldom excelled by artificial laces made of cotton, linen and silk. The intricate web of this unique bark makes it compare favorably with the last-mentioned productions for both beauty and durability. It is to be sincerely hoped that the Agricultural Department will see that the Jamaica lace tree is introduced into the United States.

FOOLING THE GREAT TREE CRAB.

IN Africa there exists a certain member of the crab genus commonly known as the Great Tree Crab. This peculiar shellfish has an offensive trick of crawling up the cocoanut trees, biting off the cocoanuts and then creeping down again backward. The theory is that the nuts are shattered by the fall, and the Great Tree Crab is thus enabled to enjoy a hearty meal. Now, the natives who inhabit regions infested by this ill-conditioned crab are well aware that the lower portion of the crab's anatomy is soft and sensitive, and they believe that the "bivalve" was thus constructed in order that he might know when he had reached the ground, and when, consequently, he might with safety release his grasp of the trunk. So what they do in order to stop his depredations, which often ruin the cocoanut crops, is this: While the crab is engaged in nipping off the cocoanuts, they climb half-way up the trees, and there drive in a row of long nails right round the tree, allowing an inch or so of the nails to project. The crab has no knowledge of disaster nor yet of the fitness of things. As he descends, the sensitive part of his body suddenly touches the nails. Thinking that he has reached the ground, he naturally lets go. Instantly he falls backward and cracks his own shell on the ground.

WILD CATS IN THE TREASURY BUILDING.

AGENT JOHN REIPLINGER of the Washington Humane Society is very much in earnest about the cats in the Treasury building and the alleged cruel methods being employed to exterminate them. Reiplinger is anxious that the society shall take some action in the matter before the Treasury people get the cats all killed off, and has submitted a report of his investigation. The report reads:

"To the Officers and Members of the Washington Humane Society:

"Having received information that cats were being slaughtered in the Treasury building in a cruel and inhuman manner, I instituted an investigation into the methods employed in getting rid of the felines and the causes which led to their destruction.

"I found after investigating the matter and conversing with a number of employees that the means resorted to were cruel, and that airguns, traps, and other barbarous devices were employed by the employees of the Treasury in disposing of the vagrant cat colony.

"As agent of the Washington Humane Society I earnestly recommend that this cruelty be brought to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury and that he be requested to order more humane methods of ridding the building of the feline pests which have caused the Government watchmen so much trouble and annoyance in the past.

JOHN REIPLINGER.

Reiplinger says that a person who has not actually investigated the matter can have no conception of the number and the ferocity of the cats now finding shelter in the Treasury. He says that he believes that fully five hundred cats are living there, and that many of them are untamed and as wild as if they had never belonged to the domesticated branch of the tiger species.

HE LAY IN WAIT FOR HIMSELF.

ARCHIBALD CLARK, a farmer living a few miles from Greenup, Ky., is without doubt the most remarkable somnambulist in the State. During the past summer he has been accusing his neighbors of slipping into his truck patches at night and cultivating them. Of course he did not object to this, but thought it most extraordinary. It was also a strange fact that they always did at night just what he had intended to do the following day.

Becoming anxious to know which of his neighbors he was indebted to for the kindness, he spent many

wakeful nights watching his truck patches, but without success. No one ever came into them when he was on the watch, but when he would miss watching for a night there was invariably some work done.

A short time ago he drove his wagon into his potato patch late one evening, so that he could load it early in the morning. He was very anxious to get well on his way to market before sun-up. However, he overslept himself, and got up in a terrible stew; but great was his surprise when he went into the potato patch to find the wagon already loaded and the horses hitched to it, ready to start, thus saving him a couple of hours' time and hard work.

One night his wife saw him stealing out of the house in his night clothes, and, following him to the barn, saw him take a mattock and go out and begin digging up grubs in an old fence row. She then understood who had been doing her husband's work.

BOISTEROUS AND FELONIOUS KISSING.

JOHN PULLIAM, a wealthy farmer living near Wichita, Kan., was arrested recently on a complaint made by G. W. Wentz, a neighbor, who charges that on July 3 defendant disturbed his peace by hugging, kissing, chucking under the chin, and making other demonstrations of affection toward his wife, Martha Wentz. The complaint is a unique document, and says that the kissing was done in a "loud, boisterous, felonious, malicious and unseemly manner, against the peace and dignity of the State of Kansas." Pulliam weighs nearly three hundred pounds, and is quite tall. The woman in the case is petite, well formed and remarkably pretty.

THE GOLD BRICK ESCAPED—AS USUAL.

AN amusing instance of the misdirected zeal of Mexican officials has recently come to light in connection with the case of a man named Pratt, who was confined in the Ensenada (Mexico) jail on a charge of complicity in the theft of a gold brick. During his confinement a letter was received at the jail from Mrs. Pratt, directed to her husband. The official court interpreter was sent for, and he proceeded to decipher the letter. He got through it very well, with occasional wild guesses, until he came to the end; and there, in a postscript, he saw the words, "Baby is quite well." This nonplused him, until he remembered that "well" meant a hole in the ground for providing water.

In a second the whole thing flashed through his mind, and he trembled with excitement as he ran to the judge and told him he had captured a letter which gave the whole thing away. "The gold brick is in the well at Pratt's house," he told the judge.

That official, overjoyed with the news, gave orders that Pratt and his fellow-prisoners, his alleged confederates, should be placed in solitary confinement, and that visitors should not be allowed to see them under any circumstances. Then a force of soldiers was sent to Pratt's house with orders to rump the well dry and get the brick. The greatest haste was employed and within a few hours the well was pumped dry, and the search began for the bar. Nothing was found, and then the lieutenant in charge of the squad procured shovels and made the soldiers dig at the bottom of the well for three or four hours. But still nothing came to light, and after inspecting walls and ransacking the house the facts were reported to headquarters.

The officials did not know what to make of it. They called for the letter again and sent for another interpreter. This man happened to understand English, and he soon explained the situation. He told them that it meant the baby was in good health.

The judge discharged the old interpreter on the spot and engaged the new one. He released the prisoners from solitary confinement, and did his utmost to prevent the facts from becoming known.

DID THE LOG MOVE OFF?

A PARTY of Grand Rapids young men, cruising north along the east shore of Lake Michigan, went ashore in the evening near Ludington, Mich., and built a fire by the side of a fallen tree about five feet in diameter, and put up their tents for the night. After the night got to be pitch dark and their fire was blazing high in the air, giving the trees of the surrounding forest the appearance of ghostly giant sentinels staring at them, they were greatly surprised to witness the departure of the entire tree against which their fire was burning into the forest with a crawling motion. They huddled together in their tents until morning, terror-stricken, and then, after procuring axes and guns, started on the trail, bound to solve the mystery.

Their investigations proved that the tree was about ninety feet long and hollow the entire length, the hole being about four feet in diameter; that a snake probably a rod and a half in length had attempted to crawl through this hollow, and the recent showers fell suddenly upon the tree and swelled it to his body until he could get no further. The intense heat of the camp-fire made it uncomfortable for him, and so he just crawled off, log and all. The party said they succeeded in killing him by sawing the log in two in several places; but they must have sawed the log in more than two. Eh?

LET AERONAUTS TAKE WARNING.

THE thousands of persons at the fair at Blanchester, O., missed the best part of a recent balloon ascension there. Professor Tolbert, the aeronaut, had a narrow escape from being gored by a bull in the field in which he descended with his parachute. The beast desisted his red tights and the parachute before he reached the ground. As soon as the professor alighted the bull charged him. Tolbert fled for his life and scrambled over the fence just in time to escape the horns of the bull.

THE NEW WOMAN IN MISSOURI.

AMERICA'S first female sheriff was appointed recently in Springfield, Mo. A five-day deadlock had just ended in the County Court by the appointment of Mrs. Helen C. Stewart to be sheriff of Greene County, to succeed her husband, who died a few weeks ago. As the sheriff

must preside at all executions for capital crimes, Mrs. Stewart may yet become the world's first woman executioner.

GRAFTING SNAKES.

DR. G. A. COUNTRYMAN of Mellette, S. D., possesses a combination snake. It is half garter and half sand snake, and this peculiar composition was made possible by a surgical operation performed by the doctor. His attention was directed to snakes from observing that when a snake is killed its tail appears to live until the sun goes down, when life ceases. It is thought by many that this is owing to the nerves, but the doctor was somewhat skeptical on this point. Being a surgeon, he dissected several, and made some interesting discoveries. He found that in both the sand and garter snakes the spinal column extended little more than half the length of the body. Knowing that it was possible to graft flesh, this led him to chloroform them and try splicing them, making the splice, of course, below the end of the spinal column.

He made four unsuccessful attempts, but succeeded in the fifth. The grafted snake he has now is apparently in good health and the joined parts are perfectly knitted together. Its body is of the sand snake and its tail is a garter snake's. The sand snake is spotted and looks exactly like a rattlesnake, while the garter snake is striped and its color is of the different shades of green and yellow. Both of these varieties are harmless, and common throughout the State.

A HORSE STRANGELY KILLED.

ELECTROCUTION in a novel manner recently ended the earthly career of a horse belonging to the Fire Department of Anderson, Ind. The electric light wires, cased in wood, covered with tin, run down the side of his stall. The firemen have touched the coverings almost nightly in getting down the horses' beds. One morning Sam was found stretched out on the floor. Investigation proved that he had hit one of the nails with his hoof in the evening, and it had bent and passed through the central part of the wood casing, puncturing the insulation, and the point lodging against the live wire. This charged the tin. When he lay down his ear fell over against the tin. His body lay on the damp straw and over the cesspool, which made connections with the earth.

SWEEP THE ENGINE INTO THE RIVER.

EXPRESS No. 2 of the Rio Grande Western had a narrow escape from being crushed by a boulder that fell from a cliff one thousand feet high recently, near Wolcott, Col. As the train was meandering the Eagle River, a mass of rock broke loose and fell directly in front of the pilot of the leading engine. Engineer Woolam had barely time to shout to his fireman to jump, and reversing and applying the air, went out the cab into the river. He was followed by the first engine, which turned a complete somersault in its descent and was thrown some distance out into the stream. Nearly two hundred passengers were aboard at the time.

FROM MOCKERY TO REALITY.

THE Sixth Regiment of the Pennsylvania National Guard broke the monotony of the camp recently at Sanatoga, Pa., with its thrilling sham battle, which developed into a conflict that equaled a college football match in roughness, and which sent several soldiers to the hospital for repairs. Between the First and Second Battalions there has been the greatest rivalry, which it is believed is to a great extent geographical and political. Consequently, when the sham battle was arranged, orders were issued that there should be no violence, and that when a stronger number surrounded a weaker command the latter should surrender.

But the best laid plans of men and mice are wont to fail, the poet said, and in the heat of the combat the rules were disregarded. The men clubbed and charged each other around the field in the liveliest fashion, cut hands, bloody noses and bruised bodies being as thick as huckleberries in a piece of pie. It was practically a fight between Chester and Delaware Counties on the one side, and Bucks and Montgomery on the other.

The battle began all right, but as the commands got together the men began to lose their heads and for about ten minutes the field was a shouting, hustling mass of soldiers and shrieking women and children who were fleeing from the excited mobs of soldiers who had caught them between the flanks of the battalions. Companies charged down on each other, firing volleys of blank cartridges, then closing in a hand-to-hand tussle, clubbing muskets, punching each other's noses, and rolling all over the ground. Harse commands to surrender were answered by wild yells of defiance, and then they hustled and tore and shouted and swore, but never surrender, until they became a wild, indistinguishable mob, with officers galloping and running frantically about, making vain efforts to stop the battle. The officers, some of whom were scratched up themselves, finally got the warriors separated, and the continuation of the battle was indefinitely postponed. At least a score of soldiers were badly banged.

THE TABLES TURNED.

ONE day not very long ago, as a gentleman who delights in playing jokes was walking along one of the downtown streets, he was met by a friend whom he had often succeeded in making ridiculous by his good-natured trickery, and who repeatedly avowed his intention of getting even with him. It was directly in front of one of the banks where they met, and, as they came within speaking distance, the friend extended his hand very cordially, and said:

"Why, hello, So-and-So; glad to see you. Won't you have some lunch with me to-day?"

"Yes, I'd be pleased to," said the other.

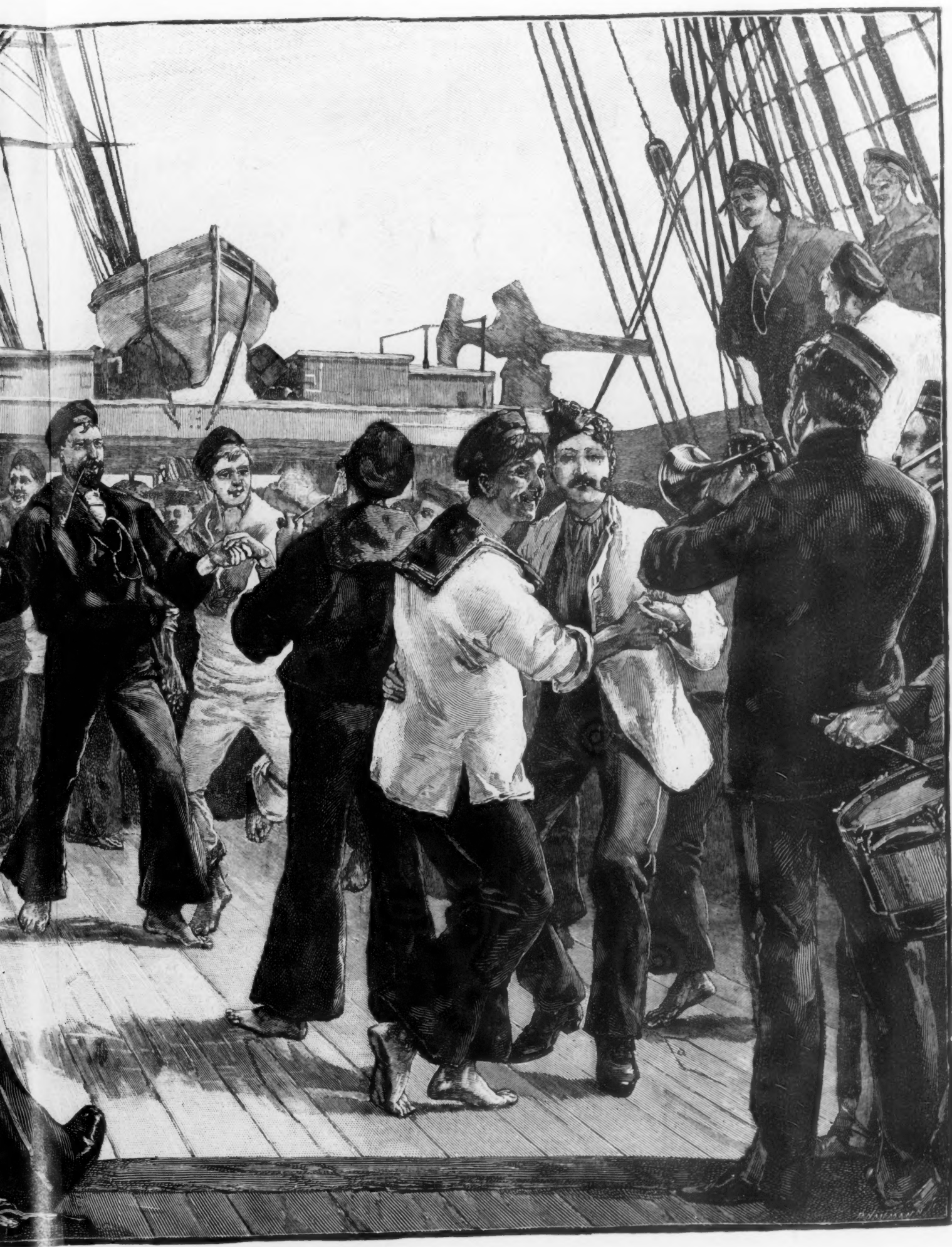
"Well, get right into my buggy," said the friend, pointing to an elegant rig in front of the bank, "and I'll be ready in a few moments."

So saying, the friend went into the bank, while his unsuspecting companion got into the buggy, pulled the duster over his lap, and prepared to enjoy the ride home with his friend. He had been sitting in this

(Continued on page 10.)



HOW JACK ENJOYS HIMSELF AT SEA—S



SEA—SCENE ON AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR.

THE QUAIN, THE QUEER AND THE CURIOUS.

(Continued from page 7.)

position for about five minutes when a tall, fine-looking woman with a couple of small bundles came out of a dry goods store two or three doors east of the bank and walked toward the buggy. They did not see each other until the lady got very close to the buggy, as it faced the opposite direction to the store from which she was coming and the man was sitting on the side next to the street. As soon as the lady reached the buggy and was about to deposit her bundles on the seat she saw the intruder, stopped short, and gazed at him in utter amazement. She was the first to speak, and said in a rather haughty manner:

"What are you doing in my buggy?"

The man now saw this was one on him, and turning very red in the face he stammered out: "Oh—er—ah, I guess there's some mistake. Beg your pardon."

So saying, the poor victim beat a hasty retreat and started toward the bank, where he found his friend just inside the door, nearly convulsed with laughter.

ACCOMMODATING.

The young man had gone into a department store to buy a fountain pen. The girl in charge of the fountain pen showcase had supplied him with a sheet of paper, a bottle of ink and several of the pens, and, in trying them, one after another, he covered the sheet with the words, "Tempus Fugit," the girl looking on with a kindly interest.

"If you buy one and it doesn't suit you, Mr. Fugit," she remarked, "you can bring it back and change it."

THE MAN IN THE TREE WAS CONVERTED.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

AMONG the pleasant memories awakened by the approaching camp meeting at Desplaines are some that border on the ludicrous and are in their way amusing. Among others who have begun their life's work at this place is the Rev. Dr. Eddy, who preached his first sermon beneath the canopy formed by the trees in the woods surrounding camp grounds. Here also he made his first convert while preaching, as he supposed, to the flitting birds and climbing squirrels. The way he did it was this:

The Rev. Dr. Eddy was at that time a theological student at the Northwestern University. Accompanied by some of his classmates, he went to the camp meeting, where he was down on the programme to preach his first sermon. Here they found a young man named Fred Houghton, who was much under conviction because of his sins. Soon all the theological students had surrounded the penitent and were exhorting him to accept repentance. Every influence known to the future divines was brought to bear on Houghton until it became evident that it was becoming somewhat wearisome to him, and he went to the woods. Along toward evening, like Zacheus of old, who climbed up into a sycamore tree, he ascended into a basswood tree, whose limbs nearly touched the ground, and there pursued his meditations.

Dr. Eddy was to preach that night, and felt nervous and apprehensive. As the shades of night were approaching he also hid himself to the woods and rehearsed his sermon beneath the tree in which Houghton was ensconced. Thinking himself alone, he warmed up and in eloquent tones exhorted his imaginary hearers to accept the faith. When he had finished great was his surprise when Houghton descended from the tree and said he was at last convinced, and declared that Dr. Eddy's sermon had saved him. In after years Dr. Eddy declared that had Houghton shouted while he was in the midst of his funeral sermon over Houghton's remains he would not have been more surprised than he was when Houghton came down the tree.

SHE IS HANDY WITH A LASSO.

From the Denver Republican.

MISS KITTY C. WILKINS, the famous horsewoman of Idaho, has been in the city for a couple of weeks, making arrangements for a shipment of horses to the South from her ranch, fifty miles south of Boise City, at Mountain Home, on the Union Pacific Railroad.

Miss Wilkins is in many respects a most remarkable woman. For the past nine years she has been selling horses and making money out of the business where many others have failed. She is a tall blonde, with closely cropped hair of a golden hue, and in dress and appearance she is not at all unlike many another woman to be met with on the street every day. She was just getting ready to leave the city for Chicago last evening, and while she was talking would step to the glass and affectionately fix her front and back hair, which but shortly before had seen the curling iron. She carefully stowed away in her grip little white boxes, bits of chamois skin and a sponge, with a little hand-glass. She was neatly attired in a blue wool traveling dress, with a light waist, and there were bits of jewelry worn. She said:

"Yes, with my father and three brothers I have had charge of a horse ranch in Idaho for the past nine years. I do not attend the round-ups or the branding, but I have always sold the horses we have for sale each year and have been very successful. It has been our good fortune to make money on our horses every year in spite of the depression that has come upon the business. I go to points in Georgia and Florida and there dispose of the stock I have for sale, and am uniformly successful."

"Can you lasso a horse?"

"Certainly. I can and do ride over the ranges looking after our stock, and take a great deal of pleasure in it. You see, we raise cattle as well as horses, but I do not like cattle, and so have nothing to do with them. I used to ride the ranch a great deal more than I do now, but I like it as well as ever, only that I have not the time. The ranch house and the surroundings of our mountain home are not unlike the typical ranch anywhere in the West, and many of our animals range on the Government land and are rounded up every year and branded."

"Do you travel alone?"

"Always. I have never yet found any inconvenience in it, and never feel the want of a so-called protector. I am amply able to take care of myself."

HE FELT LIKE A BOY AGAIN.

From the Philadelphia Record.

MAGISTRATE HARRISON is laughing heartily over a case that was adjusted before him the other day. A wagon loaded with mineral water-jugs backed up to the curbstone in front of a bottling establishment last week, and the driver proceeded to unload his wagon by tossing the jugs, one at a time, to a colored youth who stood on the opposite side of the curbstone, ready to catch all that came his way.

When things were moving nicely an old man who occupies a house next door stepped out of his own door, threw a brick as straight as a bullet and broke one of the jugs while it was in transit from the driver to the colored boy. He darted back into his own domicile before the driver could recover himself enough to make a protest. A few minutes later another jug was smashed, and again the old man disappeared with a merry laugh. This was kept up until about a dozen jugs had been smashed, when the angry proprietor stopped the fun by causing the old fellow's arrest on the charge of malicious mischief.

When Judge Harrison read the charge to him the old man laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, and then admitted his guilt. In making an explanation he told the astonished magistrate that he was able and willing to pay for all the damage he had done, and said: "I saw those jugs flying, and I knew in my own heart that I would have thrown bricks at them when I was a boy sixty years ago. I just wanted to see how it would feel again, and I couldn't help myself." The explanation was satisfactory, and after settling the old fellow went away still laughing heartily.

WONDERFUL CRATER LAKE.

From the Morning Oregonian.

AFTER emerging from the forest we found ourselves suddenly on the margin of the lake, and of this all description must fail utterly. The object itself must be seen to be enjoyed. Words cannot convey the wonderful and sublime scenery of the place and its surroundings.

The altitude of the lake above the level of the sea is eight thousand feet. The crater is about seven miles long by five wide. The waters of the lake are below the rim two thousand feet, with a sheer pitch of the banks down to it, making the water of the lake about six thousand feet above the sea level. A little to the left, and rising to a height of one thousand feet, is an island covered with timber. It is supposed to be the cone of the crater. The island is about three miles from the near shore. There are some rocks jutting out from the rim, which form a ledge or shelf for a short distance, which makes a very good point of observation. There is a solitary trail zigzagging down the side of the crater, but although two of our party undertook the descent, it is a very dangerous trip, from the risk of the numerous boulders being loosened from time to time, and weighing tons, falling upon the person of the explorer and which would crush him into a shapeless mass. Those who were foolhardy enough to make the descent on returning said they would hardly attempt it a second time.

The water of the lake is the bluest of blue, but without a living thing in it. As far as we could learn it has no outlet or inlet, and the rise and fall of the water from the melting of the snow and evaporation is about five or six inches.

A REMARKABLE VIEWPOINT IN NEW YORK STATE.

From the Utica Observer.

"It was a wonderful view I had last Sunday," remarked a member of the club who has just returned from a two months' tramp through the southern part of the State. "I got into Cooperstown about noon, and after dinner started over the hills to Richfield Springs. On the way I stopped at the observatory located on Mount Otsego, and the view from there was more extended, if not finer, than any I ever beheld. You remember how cool it was, and the air was as clear and steady as I ever saw it. The observatory has an elevation of about two thousand feet, which is about fifteen hundred feet above Utica."

"Five lakes can be counted with the naked eye, and two more can be added with a field-glass. Lake Otsego, the famous 'Glimmer-glass' of Cooper's 'Deerslayer,' lies at the foot of the mountain, while on the horizon above it can be seen the Catskill Mountains, with Black Dome and South Mountain, sixty-five miles away, on which the Catskill Mountain House showed as a little white spot. To the northeast I saw the Adirondacks, with Mount Marcy, the highest point of land in the State, situated at a distance of one hundred and ten miles. In the east I saw mountains in three States. One was represented by Bald Mountain, near Bennington, Vt., a full ninety miles away, and another by Mount Monadnock in New Hampshire, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles! It was indeed wonderful. Not so much the view of the mountains, for that showed merely like a cloud against the sky, but that the unaided power of human vision should be able to bridge such a distance."

"Of course hundreds of people visit the observatory without seeing any of these distant mountains, for there are probably not more than half a dozen days in the year on which such an extended view can be had as that which was mine last Sunday afternoon."

PROOF AGAINST SNAKE BITES.

From the Florida Times-Union.

SI FORMAN, the snake charmer, was bitten by a huge rattler, which he was fondling, at the corner of Hogan and Bay Streets, yesterday morning. Si had his little wagon, containing a cage filled with snakes. Among the reptiles was a huge rattler, six feet in length, and which had twelve rattles. It was caught by Si last Saturday, down the river. He took it out of the cage, and while handling it the rattler struck at him and sank its fangs into his hand between the first finger and the thumb. Two deep gashes an inch long and an inch apart were made.

Si made light of it at first, but got frightened when he found that he did not have his famous Indian antidote with him. He sent a boy to his house after it, and then bought some ammonia, which he applied to the wounds. He bound his hand up in a handkerchief saturated with ammonia and then took out his snake-ship again and placed its head in his mouth several times. A large crowd witnessed his performance.

When the boy returned with the antidote he took some externally and internally, and then, placing the snake back in the cage, pulled his wagon up Bay Street.

Si was seen yesterday afternoon on Bay Street. He had his hand bound up in a handkerchief, which was saturated with his antidote. He said he suffered no pain whatever, and was confident that his medicine would pull him through.

THESE CAN'T BE "NEW WOMEN," ANY WAY.

From the Buffalo Commercial.

MYSTIC orders of women, patterned, it is presumable, after the Odd Fellows, Elks, Red Men, and other societies of the men folks, are heard from now and then. The "Rebekkahs" of this State are matched by the "Grand Court of Heroines of Jericho," which has been holding a convocation—its eleventh—at Waxahachie, Tex. At present the Rev. J. R. Swancy is the "Grand Joshua" of this organization and Mrs. Lucy Logwood is the "Most Ancient Grand Matron," or "Grand Old Woman."

MINING BY HOG POWER.

From the San Francisco Post.

"I was riding through the mountains in Trinity County recently," said a prominent mining man yesterday, "when I happened to take a trail that led by old 'Burlap' Johnson's cabin. You know he has always been called 'Burlap' Johnson because he was never known to wear a pair of boots, but always kept his feet sewed up in burlaps like canvas-packed hams. I took dinner—cold corn bread and bacon—with him, and then sat down for a smoke."

"Wouldn't you just as soon do your smokin' outside, podner?" he asked.

"Certainly," said I, "but you don't object to the smoke of a cigar, do you?" I was naturally surprised, for he was already puffing away at an old corncob pipe.

"No, course not, seem' as I've smoked nigh onto fifty years, but I keep my hogs at work."

"My curiosity was aroused, but I said nothing. He took down a double-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun and his powder horn. Then he went out to a shed and got a pan of shelled corn. He sat down on a bench at the cabin door, rammed down a couple of charges of powder, and poured a handful of corn into each barrel. He put on a percussion cap, pressed it down with the hammer, cocked both barrels and blazed away at the sidehill across the little gulch. The roar had not died away till a drove of hogs came running, grunting and squealing, and commenced to root the sidehill for the corn. Whenever they slacked up in their work, the old man fired another charge of corn."

"That's a mean trick," said I. "Why don't you feed it to 'em?"

"Feed it to 'em?" he repeated, in amazement. "Then they wouldn't work. Besides, they don't need it."

"What do you want them to work for, and why do you waste corn on them if they don't need it?"

"Why, man alive! They do as much work as four men would. They root up the dirt, and when the rain comes I sluice it."

"Then I understood that he was using the hogs to help him mine."

NO INVIDIOUS COMPARISONS.

Boston Green Bay.

"AND, gentlemen of the jury, as I stand at this bar to-day in behalf of a prisoner whose health is such that at any moment he may be called before a greater Judge than the judge of this court, I—"

The judge on the bench rapped sharply on the desk, and the lawyer stopped suddenly and looked at him questioningly.

"The gentleman," said the Court, with dignity, "will please confine himself to the case before the jury and not permit himself to indulge in invidious comparisons."

A FEW unfortunate experiences suggest that the aspect of the entire earth might very possibly be transformed if each plant and animal species were to be placed where the conditions are most favorable to it. The rabbit in Australia and the gypsy moth in Massachusetts have found their new homes so well adapted to them that they are even struggling with man for possession of the land. From the plant world comes the similar lesson of the water hyacinth. A few years ago a man from New Orleans saw and admitted specimens of this plant in Colombia—where it is a harmless flowering plant growing in tubs—and took home some bulbs and grew them in tubs in his front yard. In a couple of years the plant appeared in patches in the Bayou St. John, which connects New Orleans with Pontchartrain. A year later the bayou was full of it and navigation was impeded, while it has now overrun all the canals in the vicinity, choked up the rivers, extended in great masses into the lake, traveled a hundred miles westward and become a colossal and ever-increasing nuisance.

The waterfalls of Sweden are about to be put to work at smelting iron. The idea is that of M. de Laval, the inventor of the steam turbine, and with him in the undertaking is M. Nobel, of dynamite fame. Bog turf, which is required also, is abundant in the neighborhood of the iron works at Bofors, which have been purchased. The smelting in the new process is to be done by electricity generated by the water power, and M. de Laval expects to manufacture rails, ship plates and rolled joist at a fourth of the present cost, and to transform the Swedish wilds about his works into an important center of industry.

UNIFORMED Colored Porters are in charge of Day Coaches, to show all attention to the passengers on the Nickel Plate Road.

PREPARATION.

We must not force events; but rather make
The heart soil ready for their coming, as
The earth spreads carpets for the feet of Spring,
Or with the strengthening tonic of the frost,
Prepares for Winter. Should a July noon
Burst suddenly upon a frozen world
Small joy would follow, even tho' that world
Were longing for the Summer. Should the sting
Of sharp December pierce the heart of June,
What death and devastation would ensue!
All things are planned; The most majestic sphere
That whirls through space is governed and controlled
By supreme law, as is the blade of grass
Which through the bursting bosom of the earth
Creeps up to kiss the light. Poor puny man
Alone doth strive and battle with the Force
Which rules all lives and worlds, and he alone
Demands effect before producing cause.
How vain the hope! We cannot harvest joy
Until we sow the seed, and God alone
Knows when that seed has ripened. Oft we stand
And watch the ground with anxious brooding eyes
Complaining of the slow unfruitful yield,
Not knowing that the shadow of ourselves
Keeps off the sunlight and delays result.
Sometimes our fierce impatience of desire
Doth like a sultry May force tender shoots
Of half-formed pleasures and unshaped events
To ripen prematurely, and we reap
But disappointment; or we rot the germs
With briny tears ere they have time to grow
While stars are born and mighty planets die
And hissing comets scorch the brow of space
The Universe keeps its eternal calm.
Through patient preparation, year on year,
The earth endures the travail of the Spring
And Winter's desolation. So our souls
In grand submission to a higher law
Should move serene through all the ills of life
Believing their masked joys.—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLUE ANCHOR.

THE TRAGEDY OF RIFFEL BERG—AND
AFTER.

"THE Lyskamm," said a dark, military-looking man, who sat opposite to me in the Anchor smokeroom one night, "is three hundred feet lower than Monte Rosa, it is true, but for dangerous, exciting climbing it has no equal in the Alps—at least, that's my opinion."

"You have climbed it, then?" interrogated an artist, who looked up from a paper as he spoke, and whose glance involuntarily fell on the other's left coat-sleeve, which was empty. Colonel Playdell nodded assent; then, catching sight of the expectant expression on the artist's face, he continued:

"Yes, ten years ago; I climbed it within a few hours after the tragedy of Riffel Berg. Would you care to hear my experiences?"

Herbert Wilson, the artist, warmly acquiesced, as did those of us who had been discussing with the Colonel, previously, the merits and demerits of Alpine mountaineering.

The Anchor, or, to give the quaint little inn its full title, the Blue Anchor Hotel, is situated in a part of one of the home counties known to most London pedestrians and cyclists. Its front, spacious and airy rooms look out upon a tributary of the Thames, side by side with which runs the high road, the latter rising steeply from the bottom of the hill where the Anchor hangs out its creaking signboard. Looking across the river valley, one sees the thickly wooded hill bearing its curious title of the Hog's Back.

Entering the smokeroom of the Anchor whenever so disposed, one may be sure to find a fair gathering of artists and travelers, not to mention cyclists, who are the host's most cherished guests.

"I had joined a party with which for several weeks I enjoyed all the exhilarating influence of Alpine climbing, sharing, time after time, in the many hairbreadth escapes which we had," the Colonel went on, "and early one afternoon in September had reached the auberge, known as Seiler's Inn. There we intended to remain until the early morning, when we were to set out in the moonlight and make our way to where the Grentz and Gorner Glaciers meet."

"That very afternoon the guide, who was the leading one of the three whom we had engaged, came to the inn and, with a white, scared face, told us of a catastrophe in which four guides and several French tourists had perished. Our party consisted of two women, sisters, in addition to the men, both of whom had been for a year members of an Alpine club. The object which the chief guide had in view was to persuade us to abandon our intention of climbing the Lyskamm, and the details of the disaster, which he poured into our ears, convinced all but one of our party that the ascent, owing to the early movement of the snow, would be impossible—the one who disagreed with Jean, the guide, was myself."

"The fact was I had set my heart on climbing the Lyskamm, and nothing could shake me from my purpose. I went to the entrance of the inn and stood there, talking to the guide."

"Only a madman would attempt it," he rejoined, shaking his head negatively to my arguments. "Just think of it, sir, there are seven dead who will rest in the churchyard of Zermatt to-morrow. Everything seemed perfectly safe, and Francis was one of the best guides in Europe! No mortal hand could have saved them when the avalanche swept down upon them; we've dug them out of the snow; it flung the whole party sheer down into a crevasse! Besides, you've two women with you; I wouldn't undertake to guide your party to the Lyskamm now, not for twice what you've offered. There!" he said, pointing away south of the Riffel Berg; "they're carrying them down to Zermatt." I saw the guides, with their still burdens, winding down the mountain path—but I was as determined as ever that, come what would, I meant to climb the Lyskamm."

"Failing to persuade Jean, I turned my attention to the other two guides, and, by dint of promising them double pay, I carried my point. They were to be at Seiler's Inn ready to start at one o'clock, or soon after."

I made my way back to the others, and put my purpose before them; every one tried to persuade me to give the mad scheme up, but I held to my purpose."

"I was gathering some eideweiss that same evening, before my proposed ascent of the mountain, when I saw one of the ladies of the party approaching. It was Eileen, the elder of the two sisters—a tall, fair girl of twenty, with cheeks aglow with health—the gift of the mountain air."

"You will give up that foolish idea of yours of climbing the Lyskamm," she said, with a smile which was half an entreaty, as she took the proffered flowers from my hand."

"Not at all, Miss Bryante," I answered. "Jean the guide is frightened because of the tragedy of Riffel Berg to-day. He ought to know that such accidents are the exception and not the rule. It is certainly very unlikely that two disasters will happen here within twenty-four hours."

"It is the unlikely that frequently does happen," she said, nervously playing with the eideweiss in her hands. "Surely the guides know more about their own mountains than we do?"

"Jean is frightened," I repeated. "To-morrow he will regret that he lost the opportunity to add a few pounds to his year's earnings."

"Eileen laid her hand impetuously upon my arm. 'Jean told me himself that the snow is hanging over like a great fringe up there. Don't attempt the ascent, I implore you—for all our sakes,' she protested."

"I saw her lips quiver as she spoke. My resolution I knew would melt into thin air if I stood there another minute, and I turned to go down the path."

"I ought to be grateful to you—to you all," I added, "for the interest you take in my welfare. Only for one reason I must make the attempt—a man should keep to his word."



"MAN OR WOMAN?" I ASKED, LACONICALLY.

"Eileen glanced at me coldly as she said: 'Oh, of course, whatever else may happen, your word to carry out this insane feat must on no account be broken—better anything than that!' and she walked abruptly away. I went slowly down the mountain path, feeling considerably perturbed at the probable consequences of my obstinacy. However, I made my way to the hut of one of the promised guides, to arrange some details of the ascent, and then returned to the inn. There I kept myself apart from the rest of the inmates, and, as the night came on, impatiently awaited the coming hour."

"With the exception of myself, no one was stirring, when at last the appointed time arrived. I closed the door of the inn quietly, and then stood there in the moonlight wondering at the delay of the guides. The minutes wore on slowly, but no signs of the men were apparent. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when, having awaited the guides' coming for almost an hour, I took my alpenstock and made my way to the hut below."

"I rapped violently upon the rough-timbered door, which, after a few minutes' interval, was flung open by the guide whom I had been expecting."

"Come!" I said, irritably, "it is nearly two o'clock. You promised to be at the inn by one. Where is your companion?"

"He shaded his eyes from the light of the candle, which he held close to his face, then answered:

"I don't intend to climb the Lyskamm this morning!"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Didn't you arrange to guide me there; weren't we to start at one o'clock, and haven't we lost an hour nearly? I gave you the price you asked; what more do you want?"

"The guide left me for a minute, then returned, holding out the gold pieces I had given him."

"There, take your money, I want none of it. I've three children asleep in the hut; they're too young to be left orphans."

"I swept the coins from his hand so that they rolled down into his hut."

"There's something more in this than you choose to tell me," I said. "If you're too cowardly to come, very well, don't. I'll make you a present of the coins there for the finding, if you will tell me why you changed your mind and left me to wait for your coming in vain."

"The guide hesitated a minute or two. 'You will give me your word not to mention it?' he asked, deferentially, at last."

"Certainly," I answered. "Come, we are losing time!"

"I've been paid twice the sum not to act as your guide."

"Who paid it?" I asked, angrily. "Are my fellow-companions treating me as a child?"

"I'd rather not tell you," he replied.

"I solemnly promise you that not a word of what you say shall pass my lips."

"You remember coming here during the evening?" he questioned.

"I nodded assent."

"An hour afterward there came some one—alone—who paid me the money."

"Man or woman?" I asked, laconically.

"A lady, tall and fair."

"I hardly knew what to say, for anger and joy struggled within me for the mastery. If my safety was of such moment to Eileen—for I recognized that she it was who had bribed the guide—surely the question which I had been longing to ask her would not be uttered in vain! Still, I must climb the Lyskamm. I changed the drift of the conversation by asking the guide:

"If you are determined not to conduct me yourself, can you tell me where I am likely to find a guide?"

"There's Michel; he has another guide with him; the two had engaged to take some one staying at the Seiler's Inn, but that accident at Riffel Berg has prevented it. The party refused to go."

"I cheered up instantly at the good news."

"You will show me the hut?" I asked. For reply he thrust on a close-fitting cap, threw a heavy comforter about his neck as a protection against the biting air, and then set off by my side."

"It was three o'clock in the morning when, accompanied by two guides, Michel Volden and Stephen Perin, I reached the Gorner Glacier, and thence made for the Grentz Glacier, which had to be scaled. The guide had spoken the truth as to the danger from the snow, as I soon discovered."

"Up the solid, slanting wall of ice we went, Michel swinging his ice-ax and cutting every step for our feet. Half an hour or more had passed when the wind, which had throughout the ascent blown piercingly cold, suddenly increased and grew so strong that several times we had to lie down at full length on the glacier, and, clinging with hands and feet to the ice, wait for the driving gusts to pass."

"Once the wind caught us unawares, and the leading guide slipped. Had it not been for the rope, Michel's fate would have been sealed, for right behind us was a huge crevasse, or jagged fissure in the ice."

"Still we went on in the teeth of the wind that was now howling furiously about us. Suddenly a cry came from Michel."

"Hold on! Hold on! We are lost!"

"Through the shrieking of the wind I heard a tremendous roar, as with a grinding, dull thud, down upon us came an enormous mass of snow."

"I had just time to thrust my feet into the footholds and to cling with half-frozen fingers to the rope, as Stephen, the guide behind—for we were in single file—cried hoarsely:

"An avalanche! The Lord save us!"

"In an instant the mass of snow struck us, and down the side of the glacier we fell, half buried in the blinding snow and dazed with the roar and crashing of everything about us."

"By good chance we managed to stop our descent before we reached the crevasse. Like Stephen, I was little hurt, except for some severe scratches and bruises. Michel was unconscious; and it was some time before we managed to arouse him. We chafed his hands and feet and rubbed him with snow; then, at last, when he was able to move, seeing the uselessness of attempting to proceed, I proposed to return. To this neither of the guides, to my complete astonishment, would agree."

"We can't have another fall," volunteered Michel; "besides, it's safer above than below that snow;" and he pointed to where it lay far beneath us in great drifts, and seemed about to crash down the mountain slopes."

"Very well," I assented, relieved by his words; for I had bitterly blamed my proverbial obstinacy in attempting to climb the Lyskamm that morning; "only remember this, that I am ready to go back at once, or whenever you think it unsafe to proceed further."

"We will go on," answered Michel, as his ax flashed in the light of the sun just rising. "It's my belief the wind is dying away."

"We advanced higher on our way, higher and higher yet."

"There ought to be a crevasse about here," Michel muttered to himself; and, even as he spoke, we caught sight of it. Stephen, who carried the short scaling ladder, thrust it forward and held one end of it as well as he could with his numbed fingers. Michel crawled across it, when, suddenly, the ladder slipped from the



THERE I LAY ON A FRAGMENT OF ICE.

other guide's hands, and, borne by Michel's weight, fell down the crevasse, the unhappy guide being flung headlong over the precipice of ice! I tried to save him as he fell, with a fearful cry, into the void, and, overbalancing myself, went down, down into that awful abyss, clutching at the empty air as I tried to stop myself."

"The avalanche which we had encountered saved my life, for after falling over twenty feet, I struck against a huge projecting piece of ice, upon which the snow lay



A DECK GAME AND ITS RESULTS

heavily piled. I could neither move nor cry out, my strength seemed completely gone, and, from the pain of my left arm, I conjectured it was broken.

"There I lay, supported in mid-air on a fragment of ice which in a second might crash down to the far depths below—where, indeed, the body of Michel lay, disfigured beyond recognition! I saw Stephen stretch himself over the side of the icy precipice, as he tried to discover if either of us still lived, or had managed to cling to any of the projecting scarps of ice. He caught sight of me lying half buried in the snow, and made his way down the mountain to seek for help, as I subsequently learned.

"Eileen Bryant, it seems, was awakened by the wind which shook the little inn, and threatened at times to break in its crazy casements. Remembering that I had intended to attempt to scale the Lyskamm, she recalled the circumstance of having bribed Pierre to give up the hazardous affair. Glancing through the window, she saw great masses of snow lying about and some one pushing through it, making his way along the narrow face of the steep ridge opposite. Quickly dressing, she passed down the stairway, and saw that the door of my room was wide open!

"Out she hastened, and recognized in the morning light the guide, Pierre, ax in hand, and carrying a great coil of rope over his shoulder.

"Pierre!" she cried. The mountaineer caught the sound of her voice ringing in the icy air and stood for a second watching her.

"She caught up to him, then asked: 'You kept your promise to me last night—no one left Seiler's Inn that you know of? I noticed one of the room doors open, and I thought—perhaps—that—'

"Eileen could say no more, for she saw a look on the guide's face that startled her.

"I didn't go, but the gentleman was obstinate. He got two other guides, and started later. I'm going to search for them. It looks as if they have had a rough time. There's no telling, of course; but the snow which has fallen here is only the fringe of what has fallen up there, it's my opinion."

"She looked at the guide with a face from which every vestige of color had fled.

"You mean—that—there has been—an avalanche?" Eileen asked, disjunctly.

"I fear so," he answered; then getting a view of the Gornier Grat, he cried suddenly:

"Go back and tell them in the inn to scour the place

for guides, rouse the landlord—why, the snow has come down as never man saw it before!"

"Eileen never stirred from his side.

"No," she answered, her courage returning with the knowledge of the danger to be faced; 'it would take too long. If they want help, it must be given at once. By the time other guides are got together it will be too late.' She hastened on in front of the guide, who looked at her in undisguised dismay.

"Come back!" he cried; 'there are enough dead, to my fancy, as it is. A woman can be of no use.'

"Why?" she asked. 'I can climb; I am not afraid, and my footsteps are sure.'

"Pierre stared at Eileen for a moment as if the situation was too much for him to discuss.

"You English have queer ways," he said at last. 'Come, if you like, but mind, I give you no assistance. You have no alpenstock, and you'll soon have to go back.' He caught up to her, and together they hurried on, side by side; when, however, he saw that she persisted in struggling up the slippery green glacier on their arrival there, he relented, and coiling the rope round his waist, passed the end to her, to which she fastened herself securely.

"Up the glacier they went—Pierre discovering the recent steps which Michel had made, and cutting them deeper as he climbed on.

"Half an hour after they had left the Auf der Platte behind, they heard some one shouting for assistance. It was Stephen, who was on his way to Riffel Berg, and had caught sight of them. He took Pierre aside and explained matters.

"It must be attempted at all events," Eileen overheard Pierre remark at last; and then they continued the ascent, taking her between them, securely fastened to the rope. In order to avoid a threatening mass of snow, it became necessary to make a detour which brought them face to face with a new difficulty. A huge crevasse lay before them, and, being without a scaling ladder, Pierre took the rope with which they had fastened themselves and dexterously flung it, lassoing a great, irregular block of ice beyond. Securing one end on the side they stood, the guides prepared to cross the crevasse. Stephen went first, after whom Eileen followed, working her way forward, hand over hand, as she clung to the frail rope.

"Pierre, who followed last, succeeded in getting the rope free after passing over the crevasse; then up the almost perpendicular ice they struggled once more until

the chasm was reached where I had lain for hours, thinking that rescue would never come.

"There is one of the two lying below on a shelf of ice," said Stephen to Eileen.

"One! and where is the other?" she asked. The mountaineer shrugged his shoulders.

"Lying countless feet beyond the other," he replied; 'but come, we must do something for the living.'

"Eileen glanced down at the depths below. 'Then one is dead—who is still alive there on the ice-ledge?'

"I can't quite make out," Stephen answered, who was busy knotting the rope round his waist; 'he, too, may be dead for aught we know.'

"What are you going to do?" she asked, shortly.

"Pierre will lower me down there, and when I secure the man lying on the ice-ledge, you must do your best to help him to bring us to the top of the crevasse. I know of no other plan."

"You are stronger than I am," Eileen said, a sudden inspiration flashing across her brain. 'You would be of much greater service to help Pierre.'

"It's of no use discussing the difficulties," Stephen rejoined. 'If the worst comes to the worst, those upon the rope will only meet with Michel's fate; there's naught else to do but try.'

"I say there is; you and Pierre could easily draw whoever is upon the ice-ledge to the surface—and myself."

"You!" cried Stephen. 'Impossible!'

"If it could be managed," interposed Pierre, who rather favored the idea, 'we should gain in two ways: there would be less strain on the rope, and we could together haul them up; besides, in case of accident—and he whispered the rest into the other's ear.

"I don't half like the idea," said Stephen, as he slowly unfastened the rope from his own waist and proceeded to make a loop for Eileen to sit in.

"Now, have a care," added Pierre, as he gave his hatchet to Eileen. 'Use that to keep yourself from oscillating against the ice. Are you ready?'

"Quite," Eileen answered, grasping the ax. Out into the void the girl swung, with one hand grasping the rope and with the other thrusting the ax toward the jagged ice-wall to keep herself steady. Steadily, a foot at a time, the mountaineers lowered her, calling out from time to time to know if all was going well, for as they stood with their heels fast thrust into the ice and their bodies thrown back, they could not see what was transpiring. At last Eileen reached the ledge on which I was lying, and, clearing away the snow in which I was half hidden, she caught a glimpse of my face.

"I glanced at her in utter astonishment, for, being unable to move from my side, owing to the position in which I had fallen, I could not see hitherto what effort was made for my rescue.

"The cowards!" I muttered, as Eileen bent over me, 'to leave you to run such a risk. I am punished more than enough for my folly.'

"Hush!" she whispered. 'This is no time for reproaches—it was my wish, not theirs.'

"I could do absolutely nothing toward my own rescue, my bruised limbs being rigid with the cold. Eileen wound the rope about me, then secured herself to it, and gave a jerk to indicate to those above that all was ready. Not a minute too soon was the signal given, for we had only been raised a foot or two when the ice-ledge on which we had been split off and fell with a resounding crash below.

"The rope, stretched to its utmost, swayed ominously. Twice, in spite of Eileen's utmost caution, we were flung against the ice, which beat us back into the middle of the crevasse, and, glancing down at the abysmal depths below, I grew dizzy with the horror of our threatened fate, depending, as it did, on a single piece of rope no thicker than a man's finger. Before we had reached the top I became unconscious from the exhaustion. When I came to my senses Eileen and Pierre were bending over me, Stephen having gone down to Riffel Berg for assistance.

"I was carried down to Seiler's Inn at last, where my injuries were attended to by a young doctor, whose party most fortunately had arrived there that day. My arm was fractured hopelessly, and you see the tokens of it," Colonel Playdell added, as he motioned to his empty sleeve when his story was concluded.

"And Michel, the guide?" I asked. 'Was any attempt made to recover his body?'

"The mountaineers know by sad experience that such efforts are useless, the depth of the great crevasse has never been discovered," the Colonel answered.

"But you said you had climbed the Lyskamm," said the artist, who had listened attentively throughout.

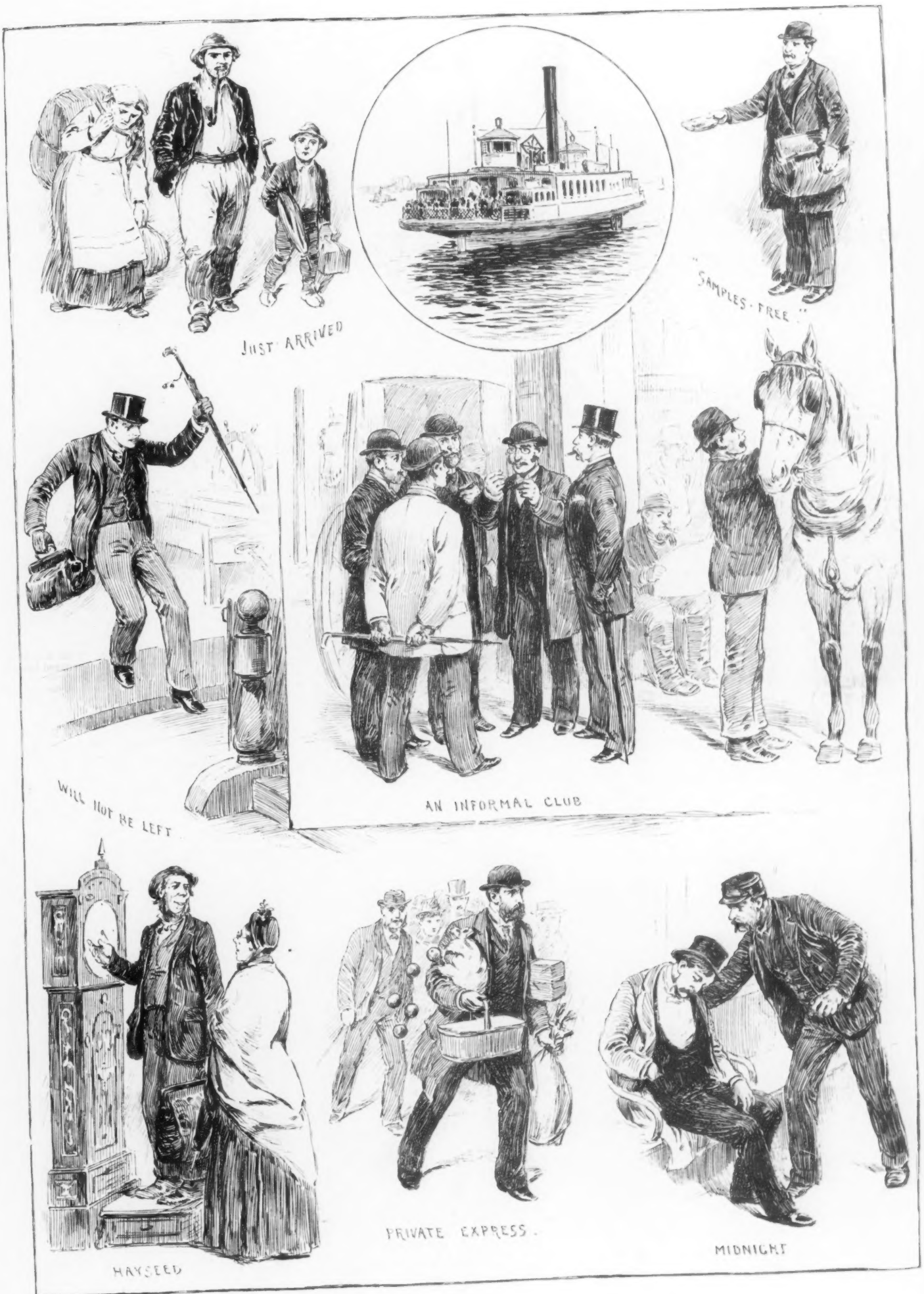
"I did not reach the top on that occasion, certainly," he rejoined; 'but next year my wife—Eileen Bryant—that was, you know—and I succeeded in getting there, and, strange to say, one of our guides, a strong, sturdy-looking fellow, was Michel Volden, the son of the very guide for whose fate I have so often reproached myself!'



GREATER BRITAIN—that is, the dependencies of Britain—are seventy-nine times the area of the British Isles.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



SOME CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES ON A JERSEY FERRY.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

NOT long after these lines in "Marmion" were published—

"O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light-giving ring aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou!"

—some Cambridge scholar (who was a wag withal) wrote to Scott, inclosing certain alleged lines from a Latin poem which were identical in idea and expression with the final couplet, and taxing him with stealing them without acknowledgment. But the Cantab had obviously himself translated Scott into Latin, and Vida, the poet quoted, had no such lines in all his works. It was the same merry trick, without malice, that Father Prout, of the "Reliques," played Tom Moore, turning the Irish Melodies into the language and meters of Horace, and then charging Moore with having conveyed them from the Latin. Sir Walter sadly missed, in his dark days of insolvency and bereavement, the comfort he had, some twenty years earlier, so feelingly recognized in woman's bedside ministry. In his diary, with aching head and aching heart, he bewails "the want of the affectionate care that used to be ready, with lowered voice and stealthy pace, to smooth the pillow and offer condolence and assistance—gone—gone—for ever—ever—ever!" Half a dozen years later, during his hopeless sojourn in Italy, prostrate with disease, it is a characteristic bit we read of his preferring the companionship of his physician's wife to that of his physician—for, "like most men when they are ill or unhappy, he preferred having womankind about him—said he would 'like Mrs. Davy better.'" His "Marmion" lines have their illustration in his "Woodstock" in the person of Alice Lee, when that light, joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others. One of John Keats's poems begins—

"Woman, when I behold thee flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies,
Without that modest softening that enhances
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
That its mild light creates to heal again—
E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances . . .
But, when I see thee meek and kind and tender,
Heavens, how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces!"

Woman teases as well as consoles; woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Divers epigrammatic reflections to this effect occur in the writings, prose and verse, of the late Lord Lytton; but these contain a far more ample variety of passages bearing the other way. In his "Night and Morning" there is Mrs. Beaufort watching, tending, nursing her sick Arthur. "The fine lady was gone," and a ministering angel stood in her place. So, again, in the case of Fanny tending Philip—with what patience, what fortitude, what unutterable thought and devotion she "fulfilled that best and holiest woman's duty, let the man whose struggle with life and death has been blessed with the vigil that wakes and saves imagine to himself." In "The Caxtons," when Uncle Roland is stricken down, his brother and nephew seem stricken with palsied helplessness, too; till, "Pisistratus," the elder man whispers, as the younger draws near and holds his breath, "Pisistratus, if your mother were here!" A nod is the eager reply, for the same thought has struck them both—both felt their nothingness then and there. "In the sick chamber both turned helplessly to miss the woman." The utmost this author can say to indicate the intense devotedness of Maltravers to soothe the last hours of Florence Lascelles is that his forethought, his presence of mind, his care, his tenderness, went beyond the attributes of men, for they went into all the fine, the indescribable minutæ by which woman makes herself, in pain and anguish, the "ministering angel." The "New Timon" gives us a picture of feminine ministrations—

"Lo, as from care to cure the soother glides,
How the home brightens where the heart presides!
To smooth the mossy pillow with light hand,
Or watch the eye, forestalling the demand!"

How many thousands of women there are, exclaims Thackeray, who—like his Amelia—are hospital nurses without wages, sisters of charity without the romance and the sentiment of sacrifice! Amelia it was of whom Major Dobbin said: "She walks into the room as silently as a sunbeam—a cheerful sweetness lighting up her face as she moved to and fro in the sick-room, graceful and noiseless. When women are thus busied with the ailing, 'who has not seen in their faces those sweet beams of love and pity?' Elsewhere the same writer affirms the world to be full of Miss Nightingales, and that we, sick and wounded in our private Scutaries, have countless nurse-tenders. His sunbeam simile reminds us of Currier Bell's Polly in "Villette." "She grew at once stronger and tenderer as I grew worse in health. . . . What a sunbeam she was in my sick-room . . . as noiseless and as cheerful as light!" So, again, with Mr. Charles Reade's two *demoiselles de Beaurepaire*, with their tender look of interest and pity for Dard, as they close in upon him, one a little to his right, the other to his left, while two pairs of sapphire eyes with the mild luster of sympathy play down incessantly upon him. "Dear, holy, and heroic woman," breaks forth William Carleton, "how frequently do we, who too often sneer at your harmless vanities and foibles, forget the light by which your love so often dispels the darkness of our affliction, and the tenderness with which your delicious sympathy charms our sorrows and our sufferings to rest!" Samuel Titmarsh, in trouble, records how sincerely he had loved his wife before those trials overtook him; and happy it is, he adds, to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; "but be unhappy, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman!" Barry Cornwall would tell us it is something to be loved by even

"A lost, a ruined one. She leaves him not at last,
But soothes and serves about him, till the damps of death are past,
His limbs she then composes—weeps, prays (they heed her not)—
Then glides away in silence, like a benefit forgot."

In one of his earlier works Charles Dickens commemorates the sweet soft voice, the light step, the delicate hand, the quiet, cheerful, noiseless discharge of those thousand little offices of kindness and relief which we feel so deeply when we are ill, and forget so lightly when we are well. In one of his later he shows us the doll's dressmaker, all softened compassion now, watching her patient with an earnestness that never relaxed, changing the dressing of a wound, or easing a ligature, or turning his face, or altering the pressure of the bed-clothes on him, with an absolute certainty of doing right. Dr. Holmes half accredits women with the possession of a sixth sense, which tells them that others, whom they cannot see or hear, are suffering. "How surely we find them at the bedside of the dying! How strongly does Nature plead for them, that we should draw our first breath in their arms, as we sigh away our last upon their faithful breasts!" Chateaubriand in his autobiography bears witness again and again to the timely help he received in extremity from foreigners of the other sex; and then he apostrophizes with an old man's benediction: "Women, who have assisted me in my distress, may God bless you in your old age, if you are still alive, and may He relieve you in your suffering!" Dean Swift, in more strains than one, pays homage to his Stella's exhaustless capacity for soothing him in fretful sickness, when he lay impatient of both day and night—

"Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face and inward grief;
And, though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require,
From slaves employed for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
With vigor and delight performed;
My sinking spirit now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes."

Three or four years later we find him confirming the testimony thus borne—

"She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passion down with tears,
Although 'tis easy to desery
She wants assistance more than I,
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own."

Real vampyrism the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table calls long illness, that involves prolonged nursing, whereby one that is dead may be said to live a year or two after by sucking the life-blood out of a frail young creature at one's bedside. Well, souls grow white, it is his comfort to think, as well as cheeks, in these holy duties; and one that goes in a nurse may come out an angel. "God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last." In the final valediction of the stoical Kant, which recalls the "Kiss me, Hardy!" of the dying Nelson, De Quincey reads an indication that the last necessity is the necessity of love, is the call for some relenting caress, which may simulate for a moment some phantom image of female tenderness in an hour when the actual presence of women is impossible. Frederick Perthes used to say that a mother by the sick-bed of her child teaches us the full power which lies in human nature. The husband is appalled at his own comparative backwardness. In one of Sir Fowell Buxton's letters to his children we read: "There is, and always has been to me, something very pleasant in illness, in having your mother nursing me all day and all night. . . . Most women are capable of this devoted love; but there is often—be it spoken with reverence—a take-off, or a drawback," in Sir Walter's sense of "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," before trial; or as the second Lord Lytton words it—

"Variable as the waves,
More sharp than winds among the Hebrews,
That shut the frozen spring in stormy clouds,
As wayward as a child, and all unjust."

Landor in his "Hellenics" starts the query—

"Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with happiness than giving pain?"

And once, when Lord Melbourne was abusing the sex in Holland House, and her ladyship interposed, "But what nurses they are! What would you do without women in your illnesses?" the First Minister replied, "I would rather have men about me when I am ill; I think it requires very strong health to put up with women." But then his experience of them had been exceptional, as his language about them was exceptional. Rolando is all in the dark when he makes light of woman's angel-ministries, as compared with the faculty that way of his supposed—but suppositions—Eugenio—

"Talk of women!
Not all the rarest virtues of the sex,
If any cunning chymist could compound them,
Would make a tittle of his. . . .
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye
To tell how for ten days, without sleep
And almost nourishment, he waited on me;
And, when my fest'ring body smarted most,
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby
Over her peevish child, he sang to me."

Rolando, in the "Honeymoon," is simply and egregiously out in his reckoning; for the seeming Eugenio is the disguised Zamora after all, and through it all.

If Mrs. Thrale sometimes provoked Dr. Johnson by her levity, he hailed in her, when he was diseased in body and mind, the most tender of nurses. The English Opium-eater, apostrophizing his "beloved M—," styles her his Electra, whose long-suffering affection would not permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. "For thou thoughtest not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to serve ministrations of tenderest affection—to wipe away for years the unwholesome dew upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and baked with thirst." Nor even, he goes on to bear grateful record, when her own peaceful slumbers had, by long sympathy, become infected

with the spectacle of his dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies, that oftentimes bade him "sleep no more"—not even then did she utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw her angelic smiles, nor shrink from any service of love more than Electra did of old. Cecile, in "Philip van Artevelde," hovers tenderly over Sir Fleurant and bids him "put the cushion under your head," and is so changed from her flippant other self that the knight is quick to hail the transformation. "Ah, you are kind, wench, now—you're not so saucy as you were"—which is but the natural development of "uncertain, coy, and hard to please" into "ministering angel," a sick man sufficing to effect the change. So in Sidney Walker's little poem—

"She sported round him, gay and light
As Summer breeze or fancy sprite,
Exchanging meek endearments now,
Now masking love in anger's brow."

Oh, prize her well; for who can know
In what heart-pain, what stifling woe,
Her looks, her soothing words may be
The breath of inward life to thee?"

Such provisions Bishop Percy fostered in the instance of that Nannie who was to go with him, give up all for him, and be all in all to him. Should disease or pain befall, would she assume the nurse's care; nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall where she was fairest of the fair?

"And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?"

The fairest of the fair may sometimes also be, or seem, the flightiest of the flighty, the most frivolous of the frivolous, the most heedless madcap, the most provoking teaser. It is a comfort to reflect that under this semblance the ministering angel is present, and may become a very present help in time of trouble. To apply King Richard's logic, she is a woman, therefore to be won—won to tenderness and thoughtfulness by the touch of disaster and the needs of sympathy. Are they not all, potentially, we may ask, ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them which shall be the heirs of sorrow, and perhaps of salvation through sorrow? While we cherish them we feel that, although they chafe us, and we chide them, we may be entertaining angels—ministering angels—unawares.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

AMONG mothers' cares none are more grave than those which arise in connection with their young daughters when passing out of childhood into girlhood, and when an unwise or inconsiderate course may entail misery, bodily or mental, or both, for a lifetime. They now begin to use their own minds and inquire into the reason of things. Deal with them a little less in the way of simple authority, and a little more in the way of companionable talk. It will be good for you, and for them, if they learn perfectly to confide in you, and to count you their tenderest and wisest friend.

They now begin to form their own habits, and to assume that bearing toward others, men and women, that will distinguish them through life.

What they see their mothers do, and hear them say, they will reproduce, often with the exaggeration natural to young imitators. A mother, for example, who in the least degree relaxes the bonds of womanly reserve in her intercourse with the other sex will be likely to see her daughter carry the lesson a little further, and will lack the power to reprove her with effect.

The judgment is not yet formed, the health is sometimes uncertain, and a passing whim, which rightly treated will lose its power, by injudicious treatment may be turned into lasting mischief. To mingle the firmness needed for the repression of wrong with the gentleness required for the care of the timid or the sick is one of the hardest and most delicate tasks of a mother—a task in which she can often get no help but what comes from the All-knowing Father above.

The young girl now begins to think of her appearance among her equals in age, her dress, ornaments, and general standing. Let her talk freely to you on all these topics. Let her have a friend in you, and know how much you can afford, and what is prudent and proper for her. It is cruel to send a young girl, sensitive, perhaps not overstrong, among others of her class, where she will be made conspicuous by an awkward or absurd accompaniment. She will be tempted to undesirable feelings, or perhaps to little deceptions upon you, to escape her embarrassment. We shall not be understood as recommending extravagance or excessive expense. We only counsel due regard to the fitness of things, perfect mutual confidence between mother and child, and the avoidance of all that will make the girl feel that she is made to appear ridiculous, inferior, or out of place, among her equals.

At such a time hasty and rash words may be spoken and inconsiderate steps may be taken by an inexperienced girl which, talked of, magnified, recalled, cast in her face in moments of irritation, and discussed among the neighbors, may kill her self-respect and endanger her future. A wise mother in such a critical time will stand between her child and the outside world, see how much is accidental and temporary, and how much is a sign of a bad basis of character, and with a wise discrimination, and a patient elder-sisterly gentleness, will hold up her daughter, and help her through till she is strong enough to stand alone.

These are only lines of thought—a reflecting mother will fill them out for herself. Mothers, rich and poor, have much on their hands, and much to do. But it is consolatory to them to know that, if they do their duty, they will have adequate reward in the love and gratitude of their children, never more keenly realized than when they take up in turn a like burden of care.

There is an unsurpassed Dining Car service on the Nickel Plate Road.

FACTS OF THE TIMES.

LET us imagine an automaton connected with a dynamo in which unlimited power is stored. Light and heat, as well as power to run machinery, could be created by turning the crank protruding from the automaton. When a certain number of turns have been given to the crank a coin will drop from the slot. This would end the unemployed question at once. A man out of work need not look anxiously for a snowfall to give him temporary employment. He goes to the nearest street corner, or perhaps only to the gate of a mansion, and earns his living. A cripple will need only one healthy arm; the genteel poor could do their work during the night; lazy men have lost all excuse for their conduct. The understanding between employers and workmen need no longer experience any shocks. Boycotts and strikes must necessarily end at once.

The consumption of artificial butter or margarin in Belgium during the past few years has been very considerable. The country produces from two to three million kilograms of butter. The present consumption demands an annual importation of about 26,453,200 pounds. Very nearly the entire quantity of margarin consumed in Belgium is imported from Holland. It is estimated that the annual consumption in Belgium of this article amounts to 33,063,000 pounds. The Belgian Government is favoring the manufacture of margarin, not alone to supply the home demand, but, if possible, to compete with Holland for the English market. England imports annually more than 143,299,000 pounds of this product, estimated at \$17,370,000, principally from Holland, which makes a specialty of mixing American oleomargarine with oil and milk.

The *Japan Weekly Mail* says the returns of the visitors to the Kyoto Exhibition during the first seventy days were as follows: 818,601 ordinary, 10,921 special, 2,518 foreign and 15,399 students and soldiers.

The exportation of oranges and lemons from Palermo to the United States, during the year 1894, was eight times as much as the exportation to all other foreign countries during the same period.

Two new anti-trust cigarette factories are, it is said, to be started at St. Louis, one by Liggett & Meyers and one by the Drummond Tobacco Company, with a capacity for twenty-five million cigarettes daily.

According to the annual report of the British chamber of commerce in Constantinople, not a single enterprise of any moment was launched in Turkey with British capital during the past year.

At a meeting of the Thüringer Gewerbe Vereine (societies for industrial interests) held at Erfurt, it was decided to establish a permanent exhibition of samples of Thuringian products. This will be a great convenience to traveling salesmen in Germany.

The commercial convention between France and Switzerland was adopted July 10 by the French Chamber of Deputies, by 513 votes to 11. This puts an end to the war of tariffs between France and Switzerland, which has seriously affected the trade of both countries.

The preliminary report of Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller for the year ended June 30, 1895, shows that the total receipts from all sources were \$143,245,978, a decrease from the receipts of 1894-4 of \$3,923,472. The expenditures on account of the income tax were \$88,739.

A prominent mill official is authority for the statement that an English syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of mills in Lowell, Fall River, New Bedford, Lewiston, Me., and elsewhere, with

the intention of securing within the next six months the majority of the woolen mills of the East.

Electricity generated by the falls of the American River at Folsom, Cal., was turned on in Sacramento, twenty-four miles away, not long since. Only street cars are to be furnished with power at first, but the electrical power will be extended to all kinds of industrial establishments, and used for light and heat.

A permanent industrial exhibition has been organized by the Société Biotechnique at Athens, and will be officially opened on the 28th of April. This exhibition, although intended only for native products, will be accessible to foreign exhibitors of such articles as may assist in the development of Grecian industries.

It is announced that an agreement has been concluded at Paris between American and Russian petroleum firms by which all the kerosene trade of the Mediterranean, Sweden and Norway will be given to Russia. "In the remainder of Europe, Russia is to export thirty-five per cent and America sixty-five per cent of the kerosene needed."

Frank M. Smith of California has observed that fruit packed in powdered borax will keep perfect indefinitely. The *San Francisco Examiner* and the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* both speak of the vast commercial possibilities of the discovery, in reducing the cost of transportation to market, by dispensing with fast freight and refrigeration.

Twelve members of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet are directors in from one to four commercial companies each, according to the *Investor's Review*, while seven are free from entanglement. Mr. Arthur Balfour is one of the latter, but his brother Gerald, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, is director in no less than seven companies of a speculative character.

According to the *Lecolo*, Milan, the city of Padua has now automatic savings banks. You put a nickel in the slot, and get a coupon. Five nickels entitle you to a book in the Savings Bank of Padua. The machines are very accurate, and refuse all obsolete or spurious coins. The innovation is getting very popular, and will soon be introduced in other cities.

A conservative estimate places the present area of cotton fields in Egypt at 1,075,000 acres, with a possible crop under favorable conditions of 1,050,000 bales (American standard). Shipments of Egyptian long-staple cotton to the United States continue to increase, and for the commercial year 1894-95 will amount to what is equivalent to 71,250 bales of American standard.

Paris, through its municipal council, has voted the twenty million francs apportioned by the State as the city's share of the cost of the 1900 exhibition. The city will pay the money to the State in five yearly payments, beginning with 1896. Whatever profits are made will be divided between the city and State. The cost of the exhibition is estimated at one hundred million francs.

PRETTY POLL IN A FIX.

A SHOWMAN at the fair possessed a beautiful parrot, which accompanied him everywhere on his peregrinations through town and country, and excited the admiration of the gaping crowd by its capital imitation of the showman's voice and tones when inviting the public to step into the booth. One day the faithless creature broke its chain and escaped into a neighboring plantation. Soon a number of men and boys were on its track, but before they had gone far they heard a loud noise caused by the screeching of birds in the wood. On arriving at the spot whence the sounds proceeded, they found poor Poll perched on the withered branch of a tree, bereft of most of its feathers, and surrounded by a flock of screeching crows that were mercilessly pecking at it with their beaks. Notwithstanding this pitiable state of affairs, the crowd of seekers could not refrain from laughing as they heard the poor victim scream out at the top of its voice: "One at a time, gentlemen!—Don't crush me, please!—Take your time!—There's plenty of room!"—*Internationalist*—*Cur-gast*.

A COURTEOUS CAT.

A MEMBER of a zoological society says: "I once had a cat who always sat up to the dinner-table with me, and had his napkin round his neck, and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular, and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish, I sometimes gave him a piece of mine. One day he was not to be found when the dinner-bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were put around for the *entrée*, puss came rushing upstairs and sprang into his chair, with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse on his own plate, and

then one on to mine. He divided his dinner with me, as I had divided with him." The Zoo man ought to quit associating with cats.

A MAN's heart weighs about nine ounces; that of a woman, eight. After thirty a man's heart grows heavier, but a woman's lighter.

NEVER choose your boots and shoes in the early morning. In the latter part of the day the feet are at their maximum size.

THE bridal wreath is usually formed in Germany of myrtle branches; in France and England, of orange blossoms; in Italy and French Switzerland, of white roses; in Spain, of red roses and pinks; in the islands of Greece, of vine leaves; in Bohemia, of rosemary; in German Switzerland, of a crown of artificial flowers.

THE celebrated diamond Koh-i-nor, or Mountain of Light, was, in July, 1850, presented to Queen Victoria. When found in the mines of Golconda it weighed nearly eight hundred carats. It was recut in 1852, and now weighs one hundred and two and one-quarter carats, and is said to be worth ten million dollars.

VESUVIUS and Etna are never both active at the same time. The period of greatest violence with one is that of greatest quiescence with the other.

PROFESSOR C— had gone to spend the evening at a friend's house. When he was about to leave, it was raining very heavily, wherefore the hostess kindly offered him accommodation for the night, which he readily accepted. Suddenly the guest disappeared, nobody knowing what had become of him, and the family were about to retire for the night when Professor C— walked in, as wet as a drowned rat. He had been home to fetch his nightshirt!

A SMART man put arsenic in a bottle of wine, hoping that a burglar would drink it, and his wife placed it among a hundred other bottles. The smart man is now wondering which is the bottle, and is prepared to sell his stock of wine cheap.

Mrs. Hickes—"What a pretty blonde Miss King-Chester is! But she's an anomaly to me. I know the family well. All the Kings were brunettes, and the Chesters were all dark, too. Where can she get her light hair from?"
Miss Wickes—"From Paris."

"I wonder why it is," remarked old Snoodle, "that I should be continually visited by commercial agencies in reference to my financial responsibility. I am not asking credit anywhere."
"True," said his friend, "but your only daughter is now eighteen."

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WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges. Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found. Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Seidl, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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